

WANT YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT?

JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Have all the subtlety and charm of cigarette tobacco manufactured in Egypt.
20 for 1/-

Football **\$2000** **MUST BE WON**

WHAT MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY THINKS OF ALKIA SALTRATES & REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

THE BATH PREPARATION PAR EXCELLENCE, cures Corns & all Foot Troubles permanently, stops rheumatic aches & pains in ten minutes.

[NOTE.—The fearless and outspoken editor of "John Bull," whose readiness to praise anything good is only equalled by his promptness in condemning anything bad, has joined the long list of prominent men and women who have used our preparations with results so gratifying that they are only too glad to acknowledge the great benefits derived. With his special permission we reproduce his letter.

The Manager,
The Saltrates Co., Ltd.,
214, Gt. Portland Street, Wa

Dear Sir :—
Now that all German Spas are taboo, may I congratulate you on your Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates, which to my mind (and body) beat Carlsbad into a cocked hat.
In future, with your help, I shall certainly support Home Industries by taking my cure on the spot.

Yours faithfully,
Horatio Bottomley

What is Alkia Saltrates?

Dissolved in plain water, it gives you an exact reproduction of the essential medicinal constituents found in famous Spa waters.
The dose.—Less than half of what you have been accustomed to take of ordinary salines.
The taste is pleasant; children cry for it. It makes a sparkling effervescent draught.
The effects.—Stimulates the liver, flushes the kidneys, purifies the blood, corrects hyperacidity and other stomach disorders, and eliminates all uric acid or any other impurities from the entire system.
Best of all anti-rheumatic agents. Guaranteed free from any depressing or other bad after effects.
The price.—Only 2/3 a large bottle. Enough to last the whole family for weeks.

What is Reudel Bath Saltrates?

Dissolve this in plain hot water and you will have an exact reproduction of the highly medicated and oxygenated curative bathing waters found at celebrated Continental and other springs and spas.
The effects.—Softens and brings corns right out, root and all, so there is nothing left to sprout a new corn again, as when you merely cut the top off or burn it off with caustic liquids or plasters.
A Saltrated Bath will stop any rheumatic or other aches or pains in muscles or joints within ten minutes. Also its strongly antiseptic and healing qualities will cure bad skin affections quickly and permanently.

The price.—2/- a half pound or 3/3 a pound. Only a handful of the concentrated compound is required for a full bath, or a tablespoonful for a strong foot-bath.



Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL. Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 60.3), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

IS MOTHERHOOD A CRIME?

THE HONOUR OF OUR WOMEN AND THE FUTURE OF THE RACE.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (Assistant-Editor).

FROM time to time in the columns of this journal forcible pleas have been entered on behalf of the "Unmarried Mother"—that is to say, the girl who, from motives of affection or otherwise, commits what, in our solemn way, we are pleased to call an offence against the "moral law," and pays the penalty which Nature has ordained in cases of this kind. Always we have taken the same simple and direct line, namely, that while we do not despise the social conventions, and do not even condone the too-free relations of the sexes, yet at the same time we claim that in this matter, as in any other social questions, common humanity must prevail. And the greatest law of all, both in religion and ethics, is that, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox reminded us, of "being kind." Taking this view, I can find nothing but the severest condemnation for such an utterance as that of the Rev. E. P. Amphlett, Vicar of Powick, Worcestershire, who has recently declared—I quote his own words so as to obviate the possibility of error—that nothing would induce him in the full knowledge of the circumstances "to officiate at such a marriage," and he would "refuse to church a woman," in order that "people may be made to realise the hideousness of their sin." Well, I say without hesitation that, whatever this wrongdoing may be, it is not "a hideous sin." It is simply in some cases the exuberance of youth, and in others the accident of necessity; in my judgment, never a crime. Motherhood at the best is a sublime and beautiful experience; at the worst it can never be less than such an accident as human charity can put right, and ordinary intelligence make the best of. And, first of all, I want to point out the need for certain fundamental alterations in the law.

MAKE THE LAW HUMAN.

What is the attitude of the average man who, in the common phrase, has "got a girl into trouble"? Unless he is a blackguard, a practised seducer, he desires to make amends. After all, the baby is his own. Probably he loves the girl, and if only the least practical inducement existed would be only too eager to take the belated step of offering her honourable marriage. But will that help the child that is already born? Not at all, as the law at present

stands. The poor mite will arrive in the world to be branded by our British law as a bastard—a hateful term that ought to be expunged for ever from our vocabulary. Why cannot we so amend our English law that here, as in Scotland, the subsequent marriage of the parents would legitimise the child? It may be interesting to recall that this principle is as old as the Roman Law, upon which that of Scotland, far more directly than our own, is based. It is to my mind a sound commonsense rule, and I shall not rest until I have seen it established in this country as the foremost amendment of our shameful Bastardy Laws.

THE TRAGEDY OF IT.

Instead, what do we see? The plight of the unmarried mother is often the most pitiful on earth. Shunned by her neighbours, ostracised by her friends, made to feel an outcast in decent society, she does one of two things; either hugs her baby to her breast and suffers the cruellest agonies of privation in the effort to keep it alive, or prompted by irresistible impulse commits what the law calls murder and what she possibly, in the agony of her half-demented mind, would describe as "saving" it from the bitter fate that laws prescribe. I have a case before me in which a poor girl in Wales has been committed for trial on the charge of the wilful murder of her unwanted baby at Trawsfynydd. Poor creature, she is penniless and but for the charity of neighbours who are endeavouring to raise a fund for her defence—in the regrettable absence of a Public Defender—would be left to face unaided the skilled assault of the Crown Prosecutor.

"FREE UNIONS."

Less serious, but little less pathetic, I have the case of a woman who has committed the crime of living with a man because she loves him, no marriage being possible because of the absurdity of our Divorce Laws, which linked the male partner of the union to a wife who was a chronic and hopeless inebriate. There are three little ones, and now that they are growing up into two fine sturdy boys and a bonny girl the mother, poor soul, is overwhelmed with feelings of regret that in the eyes of the law they have no better name than bastards. And this, forsooth, at a time when we deplore the

decrease of the birth-rate, and say that unless we can replenish our decimated stock of manhood we shall not be able to hold our own in the rivalries of the nations. Surely there is a flaw here that calls for immediate rectification. We may, if you like, continue to reprove the lawless union of the sexes, urge upon young people the necessities of restraint where the deepest of all human feelings are concerned; yet when the irrevocable consequences of it all occur, do, in God's name, let us be sensible and human and say that the mother—who after all has paid in shame, pain and anguish for her fault, if it be a fault—is still entitled to such consideration as we pay to any person not guilty against the nation and the race. Indeed, in a sense, she has befriended both. For the sake of our common humanity, do not let us torture and abandon her. Rather let us do everything in our power to encourage her partner to do the decent thing.

THE "LOVE CHILD."

We call them "Love Children," and it is notorious that many of them—given a chance—grow up into the fairest and most promising of our citizens. Why not give them all this chance? The illegitimate child should have the right to take its father's name, and I would go as far as to say to claim from that father not merely the paltry 10s. a week, but the right to such education and culture as his economic means can afford. No longer ought we in this enlightened age to regard these poor mites in the legal phrase as "the children of nobody." A decent man who, in the heat of passion, makes a slip will not begrudge the child such compensation as these changes in the law might afford. The scoundrel who invades a woman's honour and seeks to avoid the consequences deserves no consideration. One more point. It is common at Assize Courts to read in the Calendar charges against unmarried mothers of "concealment of birth." How would it be if the unauthorised and even uninvited father were exposed to the charge of "concealment of paternity"? Women, it is true, have got "the vote" for which they struggled so long and so fearlessly during many well remembered years, but it often strikes me that they still have got something less than common justice in this queer old world of ours.

TWO LITTLE VICTIMS.

AND A BRAVE EX-SERVICEMAN FATHER.

Little Masie, aged 5, and her brother Denis, aged 3, of Sunderland, were run over, some months ago, by an electric engine hauling coal. They are still in hospital. Masie has only one leg, but the boy's legs are mending, solely through the heroism of his father, an ex-soldier. Skin-grafting was necessary, so daddy bravely allowed a large piece of skin to be taken from each of his own legs. In consequence he has been off work for three weeks, and the family, including wife and two more little ones, is in distress. And Masie, when she comes out of hospital, will require a perambulator for air and exercise before she is able to depend upon a crutch. The Rev. D. B. L. Nedwill, St. Stephen's Vicarage, Ayre's Quay, Sunderland, has issued an appeal locally for this brave but stricken family, and he will probably be very much surprised to find us echoing it. Our hope is that some of our charitable readers will further surprise him by sending a contribution to his Vicarage. We have already sent one from our Fund.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

HUNS' BID FOR RENEWED WORLD TRADE.

The German business man is usually sufficiently astute to see that his letters or circulars to English people are at least passable compositions, and not so Ollendorffian as to give rise to mirth. However, one addressed by the Solinger Metallwaren-Fabrik, G.M.B.H., to an English firm of importers is an amusing exception to this rule. It runs as follows:—

DEAR SIRS,—Our representative in Berlin your name thanking, we ask devoted whether you are interested for our ALL KINDS OF CUTLERY. We makes all merchandises loud card enclosed, where are writing backwards all articles. . . . It is recommendet in your interest if you take samples in original, because you can see the art and quality of our merchandises. If you give a ordre for samples, please, send for it the sum, there we have not the amusement, to count your firm to our clients.

Nor, we are happy to say, have we the amusement to count the Solinger Metallwaren-Fabrik to our clients—although "amusement" is not the word which would express our feelings.

FIRE AND LOSS.

WHY PAY PREMIUMS WHEN YOU NEEDN'T?

We sometimes wonder why the average prudent citizen continues to pay to Fire Insurance Companies the premiums which, while not of fabulous amount, are still, in our opinion, somewhat out of proportion to the risks to be covered. At a time of year when most of these policies are falling due for renewal it may not be amiss to call attention to our own scheme of Free Fire Insurance, under which we offer to regular readers of this journal complete and adequate insurance against the risk of fire without the payment of any premium whatever. The details of this offer are to be found in our advertisement columns, and we merely touch upon the matter here because it strikes us that the genuine value of such an offer has perhaps not been properly appreciated by the average householder. After all, an insurance scheme covering all risks—not merely to furniture, but to life and limb—up to the extent of £200, is not to be despised in these hard times—especially hard after payment of the Christmas bills!

HIGH MORALS, SHORT MEASURE.

HOW "TRUST HOUSES" TREATED AN EMPLOYEE.

Most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the name of Trust Houses, Ltd., a concern controlling some 160 hotels in different parts of the country, and professing a very high-minded indifference to the profits arising out of the sale of alcoholic drink. It is instructive to see how these professions square with the facts. In the King's Lynn County Court, His Honour Judge Mulligan recently delivered judgment in a case in which Mr. George Powell, an ex-officer, and a former manager of the Duke's Head Hotel, King's Lynn, sought to recover from Trust Houses a £50 deposit made by him when appointed manager of the hotel, and a sum of £37 8s. as commission, while Trust Houses counterclaimed for £101 for alleged shortage of receipts from the sale of beer and spirits. The learned Judge awarded Mr. Powell his £50, plus £23 odd as commission (the original figure claimed under this head was admittedly an estimate) and rejected the Company's counterclaim. In the course of his judgment he made some severe and deserved comments on the methods employed by Trust Houses, Ltd., in the conduct of their business, which will no doubt be of great interest both to users of their premises and to the general public.

"WASTE" AND WANGLE

To begin with, it is a well-known fact that in the sale of beer and spirits across the bar there must be some wastage. This is always allowed for, but the Trust House managers are expected to serve 31 "full tots" of whisky out of a possible 32 to the bottle, and are allowed one gallon of beer out of 36. Mr. Powell held this allowance to be inadequate, in which the Judge concurred, and the evidence given on behalf of Trust Houses showed that it had definitely been suggested to him by a superior that he should give short measure. The evidence also showed that, at a time when there was a scarcity of Proprietary whiskies, it was suggested to Mr. Powell that he should swindle the public by selling other brands out of bottles which had contained "Black and White." Mr. Powell refused to be a party to either of these practices, and it is significant that Counsel for Trust Houses made no attempt to justify the letter containing the suggestion relating to the substitution. In the face of the facts, silence was no doubt considered preferable.

"VOLUNTARY" COMMISSIONS.

We lack the space to go into all the facts of this case, in which it was clearly shown that Trust Houses, Ltd., attempted to prove that the payment of commission to managers was a voluntary act, although the contrary was demonstrated in documents inviting the public to subscribe additional share capital. The fact was also elicited that the counterclaim in respect of shortage of receipts from beer and spirits was actually made after the Company had expressed itself entirely satisfied with the results of a previous stocktaking undertaken at Mr. Powell's own request. But there is one clause in the judgment to which we desire to give special prominence. Mr. Powell, said the Judge, "was wrongfully refused a character, and kept out of a situation a considerable time. This is a wrong for which the law provides no remedy. . . . The harsh and unconscientious dealings of the agents of the Company towards Powell were unknown to Earl Lytton, Sir Godfrey Baring, and the other Directors. They will be made known to them now, and it is to be hoped that they will do what any high-minded masters would do in the circumstances: remedy the wrong done to Powell—see to it that he is paid due compensation by the Company for the time he was kept out of employment." It is the hope which we echo, and one that we trust will receive the attention of the Directors.

GERMAN GOODS.

A HINT TO EX-SERVICE MEN.

During this Christmas season our attention has been repeatedly drawn to the number of shops all over London which are displaying German goods. It is impossible to deal with all these complaints in detail, but we may cite as an example a particularly flagrant case at Croydon. In this prosperous suburb there is a well-known silversmith's shop which has a window display consisting entirely of German electro-plated articles. They gleam on shelf after shelf to the value of hundreds of pounds. And they bear the inscription: "This metal will not tarnish." We wonder whether the same could be said of the name of the proprietor of the shop. Unfortunately, this is a matter to which the public is strangely apathetic, but we would point out to some of the ex-Service men who complain that there are hundreds of English silversmiths and electro-plate workers out of employment, that they might do a good deal for themselves if they would "get together" and then, as the Prince of Wales put it, "pull together." Let them send a deputation to every tradesman and ask him to display the following notices in his shop window, "We employ ex-Service men only"; or, alternatively, "We give preference to ex-Service men"; and "All articles sold in this shop guaranteed British manufacture." The shopkeeper would, of course, protest that, with money "tight" and competition keen, he must buy foreign goods. The reply to that is that he need not do so provided his rival up the street does not. It is far easier to arouse interest in this matter locally than it is generally, and if ex-Service men were to make a determined effort to scour the shops of foreign goods they would find that a great deal of popular support was forthcoming in their locality.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"Height about 5 ft. 4 in., prominent features . . . grey MOUSTACHES, CLEAN-SHAVEN."

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—"She got between her mistress and the assailant, who SHOT HIMSELF DEAD, DREW AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL AND FIRED OVER THE MAID'S SHOULDER."

"NEWBURY WEEKLY NEWS" (advertisement):—"Doll's Perambulator for LITTLE GIRL SINGLE GENTLEMAN."

"SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH":—"The great merit of ASBESTOS lies in its INFLAMMABILITY."

"HEREFORD TIMES":—"Hereford Cemetery. . . . He could scarcely find words to describe the PAIN OF PEOPLE LYING THERE MUST SUFFER WHEN THEY SAW THE STATE OF THE GROUND."

"CAPE TIMES":—"PUNCTUALLY AT 10.30 YESTERDAY MORNING the special train . . . left Cape Town for Pretoria. The Royal Party arrived at the station entrance AT ABOUT 10.45."

"ECCLES AND PATRICKS JOURNAL":—"A BOWLING GREEN and TENNIS COURTS could be MADE WITH ARMY HUTS if necessary."

"NEW MAGAZINE":—"From the room came the VOICE of a TURNING KEY."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS COURIER" (advertisement):—"Business Man with means requires PERMANENT APARTMENTS WITH LADY KEEPING ANIMALS."

"PEG'S PAPER":—"She HEARD A NOISELESS FOOTSTEP outside her room. It came creeping nearer WITH A LOW WHINING MOAN."

THE SUPER
LEATHERDRI-PED
REGDFOR
SOLES

"DRI-PED" TALKS

Scoutcraft.

"You know what 'Scouting for Boys' says about boots. And you turn up in those. Call yourself a scout—look at them."

"They're clean, aren't they?"

"Oh, they're clean, but are they waterproof?"

"You're looking at the uppers, they're going before the soles. I could stand in a puddle for a week and not get wet feet. They're 'DRI-PED' soled, and 'DRI-PED's' absolutely waterproof."

"But the uppers look worn out."

"'DRI-PED' soles often outlast the uppers. I've worn these boots for twelve months, day after day, without having them re-soled, and they're still good and waterproof, and as comfortable as old boots."

"Well, you know what 'Scouting for Boys' says . . ."

"And you know how many badges I've got, so . . ."

(It must be confessed that there are times when scouts are sometimes not quite polite to one another.)

DRI-PED is leather—the very best leather. Hides, scrupulously selected from the world's supply are scientifically tanned by the DRI-PED process, and thereby rendered twice as wear-enduring as best ordinary bark-tanned leather of equal thickness—and absolutely waterproof. There's nothing like leather—and in DRI-PED you have the best leather tanned by the best process. DRI-PED soled footwear does not need the attachment of weight-adding appliances to secure qualities which are inherent.

Insist on "DRI-PED" soled new footwear—insist on "DRI-PED" at your footwear repairs.

CAUTION:—There is no unstamped "DRI-PED." All genuine "DRI-PED" bears the "DRI-PED" diamond stamped in purple every few inches. There is no substitute for "DRI-PED." Refuse substitutes.

DRI-PED, LTD. BOLTON LANCASHIRE

Feeling the discomforts of this biting cold weather?

Let Ocean Wave Rum aid you to fight its treachery.

Rum saved thousands of lives in the war days, and Ocean Wave Rum will help you during peace days.

OCEAN WAVE
Rum

The Peace Days
"Pick-me-up."

Price 12/6 per Bottle.

Of all Wine Merchants
and Leading Hotels, &c.

THE JAMAICA RUM
CORPORATION, LTD.,
SUSSEX PLACE, LONDON, S.W.



PRISONER AT THE BAR.—THE EX-GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE BULL.

(The Government having definitely decided to allow the principal German War criminals to go scot free, it becomes the duty of Mr. Justice Bull to try them, one by one, at the Bar of British Justice.)

MR. JUSTICE BULL: Although I have a number of British prisoners awaiting trial, I feel that I have no option but to proceed at once with the solemn duty that has been entrusted to me of awarding such penalties as may seem just to those who were criminally responsible in respect of the great war that for more than four dread years devastated Europe and outraged the conscience of the world. The first prisoner in regard to whom a duly empanelled jury have returned an unanimous verdict of Guilty is the ex-German Emperor, William Hohenzollern. Put him up and let him answer to the charge.

PRISONER: I have nothing to say. It is to me a mysterious dispensation of Providence that I, accustomed once not unreasonably to call myself the All-Highest, should be called upon to plead before a Tribunal of my enemies. I commend my conduct to my conscience and my cause to God. From the moment I ascended the august throne of the German Empire, I resolved that that wonderful assemblage of free and mighty nations should be made the greatest power that the world had ever seen. In all I have done, I have acted from motives of the most sincere patriotism, and if, now that the fortunes of war have reduced my Empire to ruins and driven me from the throne, I am to suffer such penalties as may be dictated by the vindictiveness of my foes, then I defy this Tribunal and scorn the consequences. Proceed with your work, my Lord.

MR. JUSTICE BULL: William Hohenzollern, I anticipated this line of defence. You were ever one to cloak your infamies with the language of religion, or, as I would prefer to say, of blasphemy. The charges against you are definite and specific, proved to the hilt, substantiated by evidence of

the clearest nature. I will give chapter and verse. Will you deny, for instance, that when your close, intimate friend who at the outbreak of war occupied the throne of Austria-Hungary, flung his insolent challenge to Serbia, demanding at twenty-four hours' notice the complete surrender of her sovereign rights, you, from your throned fortress at Potsdam, secretly, nay, even publicly, condoned and applauded his action, declaring, in the circle of your intimate counsellors, that "the hour had struck" when you, as you said, could vindicate the title of Germany to be the world's dictator, or, as I should say, her claim to destroy the world's freedom at a blow for the sake of such immoral advantage as rulers of your type could extract from the miseries of Europe's millions. This is what you said, and not even your boundless presumption can question its damning truth: "My exalted ally, the Emperor and King Francis Josef, was compelled to take up arms." Then your impudent announcement later that you "didn't desire European war." If you hadn't desired it, if you had forbidden it by the slightest word, it could not have happened. All the sacrifice of blood and all the sacrifice of treasure would have been as unthinkable as the quenching of to-morrow's sun. You stand guilty, bully of Potsdam. Have you more to say?

PRISONER: I claim to be tried by the forms of law. Your words suggest that you are prepared to override every canon of jurisprudence and simply to make me the victim of the hate that is the curse of our international relationships. I am entitled to a fair and proper trial according to the strictest rules of the Law of Nations. I wait for that.

MR. JUSTICE BULL: This is worse and worse.

The Law of Nations, forsooth! When did you respect it? I have the Jury's findings before me, so stained with shame and agony I can barely endure to read them in detail. The rape of women in Belgium, the butchering of innocents in France, the scalding shame and infamy that followed in the track of your armies wherever their defiling footsteps found their way. Was it the Law of Nations to which you appealed when, with your connivance, or at least without any shadow of protest from your exalted seat, the *Lusitania*, with its precious freight of men, women and children—none of them a party to your quarrel—was sent to its watery doom in the bosom of the broad Atlantic? Did you think of the Law of Nations—the words can be brought home to you with authentic proofs—when you applauded every pirate act that your unscrupulous submarine murderers achieved? Very well, Prisoner, the Law of Nations, to which you impudently appeal, should be the measure of your condemnation. In every land, save one or two where sentimental considerations have been allowed to prevail, the penalty of murder is death. You are the arch-murderer of Europe. A weight of blood-guiltiness, unexampled in the world's history, rests upon your disgraced head. You shall die. And no pomp or ceremonial execution should gratify your diseased vanity. If justice is to be done, your life must pay forfeit for the miseries that you, with a cynical unconcern that must have shocked the most hardened consciences, have brought upon not Europe only but the world at large. I suppose this judgment of mine must stand in abeyance until such times as the civil Governments of the Allied Powers can find courage enough to hand you your deserts, but I have little doubt that once my decision is known, carrying with it as it does the earnest moral sense of the whole British people, you will meet your doom without delay. Irony would be out of place in any judgment of mine, but I cannot resist saying that, with such close intimacy as you claim to possess with the Almighty, you may find an early opportunity of making your peace with God.

TWO PICTURES.

CHILDREN OF HUNLAND AND OF BRITAIN.

Children from the late enemy area in Europe have arrived in shoals. Some are at Croydon, and here are a few choice bits about them, gushed forth by a local newspaper:—"Little Austrians in Croydon. 'Poor little things! It makes one's heart ache for them' . . . There was Gretel smiling at them all . . . the flabby fatness of her figure. . . . Were they not fitting her with vests, and, better still, with stockings and real leather shoes? . . . clean, unpatched, undarned clothes." Look upon that picture of sloppy pathos about the child of the foe of civilisation. And now look on this picture, limned by an ex-soldier of the district. We give his own words:—"They sling this stuff at us ex-Service men, and we can walk the streets out of work, and our own kids starving. The d— fools slobber over the enemy's kids, while he (Jerry) pinches our trade and, of course, throws us out of work." We need not indicate where our sympathy lies, nor how bitterly we reprobate the maudlin hysteria that leads thousands of cranks and bad Britons to pamper the scum of the Continent, and to pass by on the other side when the children of our own folk are in the front rank of the sick and needy. By the way, among the last arrivals are 50 Viennese boys whose fathers, in all probability, killed a number of our own gallant men. They have taken possession of an hotel at Weston-super-Mare, and it is interesting to hear that two "London ladies" are paying £50 a week towards their maintenance, the "Save the Children" movement finding the balance of £10.

FATAL FORTY!

MILITARY SERVICE A BAR TO EMPLOYMENT.

Major A. H. Bannister is one of the many ex-officers who are looking for work. He fought in South Africa and in India, and has over four years' service in the last war in France and the Balkans. The only crime against him is that he came into the world too early. He is 40. A few days ago he applied to the Colonial Office for a post in the West African Political Service. But at 40 nobody need apply for a job in any Government Office unless he is a pushful politician who has to be got rid of as a pestiferous parliamentarian. Then he will be provided with a foot-rest, and with a flapper to bring up afternoon tea. In the Colonial Office pamphlet it is stated that "Candidates should be between the ages of 22 and 35," and that "Preference is given to candidates below the age of 30." It doesn't matter a—well, it doesn't matter anyway that a man has given five years of life to the war while the younger Cuthberts of the Colonial Office have been cultivating official airs in an atmosphere of peaceful and undisturbed repose. "Is not allowance to be made by employers for five years of war?" demanded Lord Haig, almost angrily, the other day. The answer emphatically is that it isn't. Five years of war is an aggravation of the crime of old age, for if the man of 40 had not gone to the war with his life in one hand and a chunk of iron ration in the other, he would probably not be seeking the job he now so often applies for in vain; he would have been in it all the time. So here's to the man of 40 out of collar. May the Lord help him! Nobody else will.

SHAKESPEARE THE SHOCKING.

SOUTHEND "EDUCATIONISTS" ON GREAT UNFIT.

When recently, Southend Education Committee met for the business of education, a few of its members had fits on comming up against a Sub-committee's announcement that "the Head Teachers of senior departments have been authorised to arrange for the scholars in the top standards to attend the 'Merchant of Venice,' which is being performed at the New Palace Theatre." One after another they bobbed up like elders at a Methodist meeting. Poor old Shakespeare got a real tawnsing. Shakespeare? Shocking!

Shakespeare on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world; oh, eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time.

—It was a sin to introduce children to any such a person. "Some parts of Shakespeare," exclaimed one preposterous pietist, Alderman Bradley, "are not fit for children to read, especially girls. No doubt children would pick out the fancy pieces." Presumably the Alderman spent his childhood in picking out the fancy pieces himself, and now recalls the depraved effect it had upon his tender years. That such people should be members of an Education Committee is too absurd for words. If the Alderman takes this objection to Shakespeare, why does he not take it against the Bible, which is as full of "fancy pieces" as his own head is full of wool? As for the "Merchant of Venice," the play is as morally harmless as a hymn book and contains a great deal less rubbish. What earthly good people like Alderman Bradley do on Education Committees is a puzzle beyond our solving.

BLACK PASTOR'S PRANKS IN LONDON.

A SCANDAL THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED FROM SPREADING.

IT is time that further inquiries should be directed into the mysterious activities of the "Rev." T. B. Wilson, a negro preacher who seems to have established a religious ascendancy among a section of the population in the suburb of Peckham, S.E. From the information which reaches us, we are inclined to the opinion that something like a very grave scandal has already arisen, and we are not prepared to sit silent while it grows to dimensions that may constitute a distinct public menace. Unregenerate as the sentiment may be, we have a profound objection to the intermingling of the black and white races on equal terms; and it does strike us as an undesirable state of affairs that a plausible negro, against whom more than one whisper of moral reproach has been heard, should be allowed without closer inquiry to carry on in a London district rites so mysterious as to be almost unparalleled—happily, shall we say?—in the religious life of this country. Let us examine a little further.

THE ANOINTING OF WHITE GIRLS.

This is the sort of thing that, according to reliable evidence, goes on behind the closed doors of what used to be a Primitive Methodist Chapel in Sumner Road, Peckham, S.E., where a Mission is now conducted under the auspices of the "Rev." T. B. Wilson. In the dirty, dilapidated old chapel a group of queer-minded worshippers, mainly women, is gathered together to witness a strange ceremony of initiation into the mysteries of some unknown faith. The rite of admission consists in a process of anointment, and this somewhat intimate act is carried out entirely by black men, who presumably derive their spiritual authority from Peckham's coloured pastor. It is a formality that shocks many observers, who lose no time in conveying their objections to the English wife of the black pastor—who apparently has good reasons of her own for sharing their suspicions of her husband's motives. Finally, Mrs. Wilson visits

the chapel—at which, as may be guessed, she is not a regular attendant—and creates what is described in the local newspapers as a "scene"—that is to say, she protests in a manner which, if unusual was not unnatural, against her negro husband's preference for the seductions of the chapel as against the consolations of the home. Not that Mrs. Wilson has yet succeeded in proving against her dark-skinned spouse the charges she has thought fit to bring against him; but we can sympathise with her objection to his pious tomfoolery with girl candidates for admission to his weird religious community, and we propose to examine the situation a little more fully from the broad standpoint of the public interest.

BLACK V. WHITE.

This is not the first time that we have seen occasion to protest against the holding of positions of authority in the field of religious activity by men belonging to a race which, even when the best is said of it, is not to be trusted to observe European standards in its relations with women and girls. As long ago as 1913, we took some considerable risk in exposing the immoral propensities of a black "missionary" at Colwyn Bay, who had been the means of ruining a white girl whom he afterwards deserted in circumstances of the greatest brutality. It is easy, of course, to blame the girls, and to say that they have only themselves to thank for any misfortune that may overtake them; but religious emotion is a strange and incalculable factor, and as was seen in the notorious case of Smyth-Pigott, there are hardly any limits to the credulity and compliance of some women where an unscrupulous charlatan can set up a specious claim to spiritual authority. Moreover, as we showed in the notorious case of the Indian barrister, Mir-Anwaruddin—who, following an unsuccessful libel action against this journal, was sentenced to imprisonment for perjury—there is often a degree of crass and

wicked brutality about these dark-skinned adventurers to which, happily, our Western life affords no parallel. Already, it seems, the former Primitive Methodist Chapel at Peckham has witnessed orgies of religious frenzy which have too often been the preliminary to scenes in which the common dictates of morality were flagrantly ignored. As with the Mormon cult, so with these esoteric negro rites—there is the ever-present danger of such a collapse of the normal human restraints as may occasion a grievous physical and moral disaster; and we may add that the danger is not minimised when the officiating minister is a person with no better a record than that enjoyed by the "Rev." T. B. Wilson.

WIFE'S BITTER ORDEAL.

We are sorry, indeed, for the poor woman who, fourteen years ago, was tempted into an ill-starred marriage with this religious adventurer. Truly pitiful are the published accounts of the recent proceedings at the Lambeth Police Court, in which Mrs. Wilson sought a separation from her husband on the very natural ground—as the pastor's lawyers suggested—that she was "extremely jealous of the ladies of the congregation." Under cross-examination, this black humbug admitted that because, forsooth, their mother had taken his children to music-hall entertainments, he had thrashed them as though the fault was theirs. Unfortunately, the poor woman failed to get relief from the Court, on the grounds apparently that there had been no persistent cruelty towards her personally, and therefore no actual breach of our conventional marriage code. Still, to our mind, the whole situation savours deeply of scandal, and until this oily-tongued nigger has been compelled to retire from the public service of religion, so-called, we shall feel that an imminent menace threatens the decencies of domestic life in this populous London suburb.

McCLUSKEY'S MUCK.

PRICE ONLY 2s. 6d. A BOTTLE.

Has anybody else heard of McCluskey—McCluskey of the Distillery and Works, Picton Road, Liverpool? He advertises "1,000 Bottles—Liqueur Whisky, Rum, Brandy, Gin, reputed quarts, 3s. 6d. each, carriage paid." A Peterborough woman says she has "a mother who is very ill indeed," and has to take one bottle of whisky a week. "I wondered," she continues, "at the price being so low, so wrote them and asked them about it, and would it be suitable to give an invalid. I enclose letter received from them. I then sent cheque for 10s. 6d. for three bottles, which was only like coloured water. I am afraid others have been had the same way. It is worth about 2d." We do not know what it is worth; but we have no doubt that others have been imposed upon with this rubbish. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the finest waterworks whisky, 83 per cent. underproof, now costs 12s. 6d. per bottle. Nevertheless, there may be many who believe that somehow McCluskey moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. The name "Liqueur Whisky" is attractive. It used to be a label applying to the choicest Scotch only. To catch the foolish, McCluskey impudently applies it to the stuff he sells, which is suitable only for the bath or for watering the streets, or for lubricating the inner consciousness of Pussfoot. What are the authorities going to do in the matter? The last practitioner of this trick got it very hot.

A LOST ILLUSION.

BRUTAL INDIFFERENCE RUINS A BRIGHT CAREER.

Ex-Sergeant A. E. Hill, "The Army Wizard," Handcuff King and Illusionist, has lost one of his illusions, to wit, that during the war he was serving a grateful country. By profession a music-hall artiste, he "joined up" on the outbreak of war and was in France in August, 1914. There, in his spare time, he devoted his talent as an entertainer to the amusement of his comrades. Sparing no expense, he went so far as to have his stage apparatus, over £100 in value, sent out to him. In 1916 he was invalided home, but six weeks later was ordered back to duty in France, there to find that the whole of his valuable "properties" had "gone west." In Oct., 1917, he returned home disabled, and when convalescent was sent to the Arnold Hospital, Doncaster, where he gave shows which enabled the authorities to build and equip a new open-air ward. On discharge as medically unfit, he was granted a pension of 12s. per week, subsequently reduced to 8s. He appealed to the Pensions Committee to replace his lost apparatus, to enable him to resume his profession on the music-hall stage, and was ultimately granted £55—£30 less than was necessary to complete his outfit. As much as he could purchase with the £55 he deposited in the cloak-room at a London railway station, and is unable to redeem it on account of the warehouse charges. What a situation for a talented man to be reduced to as a consequence of his unselfish exertions in helping to brighten the lives of his comrades!

OUR CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

E. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. S. N. (Eltham), 5s.; J. P. (Roker), 1s.; M. E. M., 5s.; "Corfu," 10s.; "Lost We Forget," 5s.; "Old Age Pensioner," 2s.; "Soldier's Wife," 10s.; A. H. (Bromsgrove), 2s.; "One Who Admires You," 10s.; A. B., 2s.; A. J. M. (Ilford), 5s.; M. M. (Frinton), 2s.; K. H. (Patricroft), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. G. (Hayes End), 1s.; R. S. G., 2s.; "In Memory of My Father," 10s.; "In Memory of My Dear Missing Boy," 3s.; A. E. D. (Burnham-on-Sea), 2s. 6d.; "Christine," 5s.; C. N. (Uxbridge), 2s.; "In Memory of F. C. D.," 10s.; Mr. M. and Mrs. S., 7s.; W. H. H., 1s.; B. L. S., 1s.; Mrs. L. R., 2s.; L. M. (Fulham), 5s.; C. B. (Lyndhurst), 1s.; M. J. H., 2s.; "Nottingham Admirer," 4s. 6d.; J. M. T., 2s.; G. H. S. (Dorset), 2s. 6d.; H. T., 10s.; P. S. (Newcastle), 5s.; D. T., 5s.; "Happy L.A.F.," 2s. 6d.; and parcel; "Widowed," 2s. and toys; E. H. (Derby), 10s.; "Margaret, Alison and Helen," 2s. 6d.; E. A. M. (Saltwood), 2s.; M. M. J., 5s.; S. B. (Streatham), 5s.; Mrs. H., 5s.; A. M. L., 4s.; "Scotch Roadster," 4s.; "Tom," 1s.; M. S. (Shepherd's Bush), 2s. 10d.; Anon., 2s.; E. F. B. (Cardiff), 6s.; D. L. C., 10s.; G. G. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. C. S., 5s. and parcel; J. S. (Streatham), 2s.; Mrs. V. Y. (Harrington), 5s.; H. M., 2s.; "A Regular Subscriber" (E. Finchley), 5s.; "A Sympathiser," 10s.; Mrs. C. (Stoke Newington), 2s. and parcel; "Disabled Trawlerman and His Wife," 5s.; "Dove," 5s.; "In Memory of Wally," 5s.; A. H. (Enfield), 3s.; "A Crook Well-Wisher," 10s.; S. E. B., 5s.; "Pattie," 1s.; "Grateful" (Plaistow), 5s.; W. C. H. (Hants), 5s.; Mrs. L. B. (Burton-on-Trent), 2s.; "Ex-Private and His Wife," 5s.; "Betty," 4s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. T. K., 2s.; Collection, Bristol Tap Room, Seaforth (per G. S.), 2s. 1s.; B. M., 5s. and parcel; J. E. S. (Welshpool), 10s.; "Inter Nos" (Birmingham), 10s.; "Diddieums Fund" (per E. H.), 10s. 10d.; W. B. D. (East Sheen), 5s.; "Citizen," 2s. 1s.; Collected by G. E. D., 8s.; R. and L. (Streatham Hill), 2s. 6d.; E. H., 3s.; B. F. (High Barnet), 5s.; C. L. (Sheerness), 1s.; "In Memory of Two Soldier Sons," 2s.; "Grantham," 2s.; "Well-Wisher" (Folegate), 10s.; Mrs. S. (Hove), 2s. 6d.; J. H. J., 2s.; W. F., (West Ealing), 5s.; E. G. D. (Battersea), 2s.; E. F., 2s.; H. C. D. (Wood Green), 10s.; S. A. L. (Tooting), 2s. 6d.; "Ex Navy" (Nottingham), 2s.; "Reader," 5s.; "Christmas Gift," 2s. 6d.; S. F. (Kentish Town), 2s.; Mrs. A. E. T., 10s. and parcel; J. B. (Amesbury), 10s.; P. W. S., 5s.; J. I., 5s.; T. J. H. (Bristol), 10s.; "Silent Giver," 2s. 6d.; J. T. D. (E. Finchley), 5s.; Y. Y. Y. (Brixton), 10s.; "A Reader" (Bingley), 4s.; W. O. A. (Westcliff), 5s.; Mrs. M. M. M. (Cocklestone), 2s.; A. A., 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. C. (Sittingbourne), 5s.; The Staff of The Manor, Muddford, 10s.; "70 per cent. Disabled" (Holbeach), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. M. M., 2s. 6d. and parcel; M. H. (Edinburgh), 5s.; "No Pity" (Bridges), 5s.; E. T. and A. H. (Brixton), 5s.; "Successful Bullie," 5s.; "Oranges," 3s.; E. H. (Brixton), 5s.

(A number of others omitted.)

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, P.C., Home Secretary.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—I hope you will give sympathetic consideration to the jury's recommendation to mercy of the youth Field, implicated in the Eastbourne murder. He is a mere lad—and who knows what part, if any, he took in the actual commission of the crime? I was bitterly disappointed over your attitude towards the young soldier Saunders, for whose reprieve you received a memorial signed by 150,000 people; and I hope your bowels of compassion may be more responsive, at this season of the year, to this appeal.

JOHN BULL.

To M. Paul Cambon, Boulevard Haussman, Paris.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—The moment when you have just laid down the French Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's is a fitting one to recall the part you took in creating the Entente Cordiale. You came to us twenty-two years ago, just after the Fashoda incident, at a time when relations between England and France were worse than they had been for two generations; you leave us with the consciousness that you can substantiate your claim to have done everything in your power to promote friendship between the two countries. You have just recorded your conviction that England and France "must go hand-in-hand if Western civilisation, in the form we know it, is to survive." It is largely owing to you, next to King Edward, that they have been hand-in-hand since the dark days of August, 1914.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon Ayles, Rector of Barrow, near Bury St. Edmunds.

DEAR CANON,—You appear to me to have displayed a very churlish, ungrateful, and un-Christian spirit in your ostentatious absence from the ceremony of unveiling Barrow's War Memorial on the village green. You should have risen, as a clergyman, above the pettiness of pique. You should have shown the village that though you had opposed the memorial in its present form, preferring a tablet in the church, yet as the voice of the majority had so uttered itself, your heart was too big to resent their choice. From that memorial spoke, as from a grave of glory, thirty-three of Barrow's brave, immortal dead. Yet you stayed away, and rang your church bell for a children's service while those who mourned the dead gathered round the memorial. This is not to your credit, Canon; it is to your shame.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Banbury, Bart., M.P.

MY DEAR FREDDIE,—You've got home. You've struck a bright. You've hit the nail on the head and the Government on the nose. "What's the use of talking?" you demanded in the House of Commons with that *beau geste* we all know so well. "The Government don't care tuppence about our speeches." They don't. They don't care a ha'penny. They don't care a damn. As long as they have our votes they don't heed our tongues. While they have a servile following they will waste and they will squander. As soon as they haven't—then, and not till then, will dawn the day of national salvation.

JOHN BULL.

To Capt. Gilmer, Governor of Guam, and Commandant of the U.S.A. Naval Station, Agana.

DEAR CAP,—I'm sorry you've got such a sensitive ear, otherwise I don't suppose you would have issued your comical order against whistling "within the limits of the City of Agana," with the \$5 penalty for a violation of the same. But don't you think you would be conforming more closely with the glorious principles of personal liberty embodied in the Constitution of the United States of America, if you were to place wads of cotton wool in your ears and let your subject people whistle as they please? A whistling man is usually a contented one.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Gordon Hewart, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General.

DEAR MR. ATTORNEY,—As you are aware, the Judges have frequently expressed the opinion that an advocate has no right to accept a brief to which he cannot attend—and it follows, I think, that one who cannot perform the service for which he is paid should return his fee. I perceive that, at the request of the Bar Council, you have committed yourself to the opinion that a barrister specially retained is under no obligation to return his fee, even though he performs no service in a cause, the consideration being not that he will appear for the giver, but that he will not appear for the opponent. Most laymen will regard such a principle as preposterous. They will say, and say reasonably, that the principle of no work no pay should apply to lawyers as to everybody else. A lawyer who cannot perform a service for one side cannot perform it for another. The idea that he is entitled to retain a fee because he does work for neither is nonsense; to put it in practice is imposition.

JOHN BULL.

To S. M. Northey, Esq., Turret House, Bodmin.

DEAR SIR,—A short time ago I referred to the appointment of a local chemist, your good self, as dispenser at the Military Hospital, Bodmin. As I learned there was in the town a fully-qualified dispenser who had served in the war, I suggested it would be a graceful act for you to retire in his favour. I rejoice to know that you have already done so, and that, thanks to your action, the ex-Service man has now secured the billet. Directly you were informed of the facts, you acted as a real white man. On my own part I thank you, and I am sure every ex-Service man in the country will echo my sentiments.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. C. Crump, Senior Vice-President of the Football Association.

FELLOW SPORTSMAN,—Allow me to congratulate you upon reaching your eightieth birthday—and upon still managing to "kick about" on the Football Council, on which you have sat for the last forty years. The four thousand pounds already subscribed for you is a fitting testimonial to a warrior of your sort, and gives me a good idea of your popularity throughout the country. The great game of Soccer owes you much, and if you can keep the pot boiling for another twenty years I shall insist on your kicking off at the English Cup Final, to mark the event. At any rate, you are still a real good sportsman.

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman John Francis, J.P., Mayor of Southend.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—It is to the loss of Southend that you and your colleagues, sitting as Magistrates, should refuse to sanction the concerts of the National Sunday League at the local Hippodrome. I take it that your refusal is due to the same high moral fervour which characterises some of the members of Southend's Education Committee in objecting to the plays of the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare. We in London know that, however little Mr. Shakespeare's plays may be deficient in moral and spiritual uplift, the concerts of the Sunday League would not bring a blush even to the cheeks of your Worship's grandmother, if any. They are high-class concerts; to turn them down is redolent of that puritanic pietism which at bottom is sheer humbug and hypocrisy. There are Sunday concerts on the pier and Sunday band performances in the Pavilion. If these are right, how can the Sunday League concerts be wrong? Some of you Southend Solons seem to be a queer little lot.

JOHN BULL.

In the Barber's Chair . . .

Sir Thomas Polson.

'Ow do, Sir Thomas . . . know you? Course I knows you! Don't everybody know you by this time? If anybody don't know the Anti-Waste Candidate in one o' the most important Parliament'ry bye-elections comin' orf nex' month they oughter be pole-axed. You want a trim, I take it? . . . Right-o. 'Ow's things lookin' in Dover? I 'ad some good times in Dover yers ago, before the wore. I'd come into a bit o' money wot I 'adn't earned, so I put in a fortnight at one of the swell 'otels. An' jolly well they done me, too. Everything was a treat. There was a little black-'aired waitress there—but thet's another story. Wot I meanter say is, there aint many of us wot kin run to them jolly little 'olidays nowadays. It aint thet there aint enough money about, but it's in the 'ands o' the waster.

'T's in the 'ands o' the waster.

you in the 'Ouse. There useter be a fat gen'l'man kep' a little pub in Dover wot could give Daniel Lambert a stone or two, so fur as I kin remember, I went to see 'im one day, an' w'en 'is daughter 'ad introjooed us 'e 'ad a drop o' gin with me. A ginial ole party 'e was, but too much adipose on 'im to git upstairs. You know, 'e was cumbersome. An' I orfen think of 'im w'en I think o' the Guv'ment. Wot 'ave our Public Departments gotter show for the money t'ey costs? Like the fat bloke I was-tellin' you about, they aint neether use nor ornament. Becos w'e could spend so many millions a day jurin' the wore, they seem to think we oughter spend more jurin' peace. Thet's w'ere they're wrong. The ole country, like a field wot's given an extra big crop, wants ter lay fallow for a bit to recover itself. But these blighters at the 'ead of affairs don't give us a charnce. They keep pourin'

out the public money like water. Look wot Mesopotamia is swallerin' up! 'Oo's goin' to git the benefit? Look at the millions we're chuckin' away in Persia? 'Oo for? . . . But there aint no need fur me to talk to you about these things. It's becos you're against them thet you're standin' for Dover; an' if Dover's the sensible sorter place it was w'en I knew it, you'll git all the support you want. . . . Sorry you won't 'ave the "official" support o' the licensed trade? Did jew expec' to? I'm sorry to 'ave to say it, but some of the trade 'as gorn back on their customers and support the Guv'ment becos they like the Board o' Control. They git the same profits for less hours an' less work. They don't want "Dora" took orf. They 'ave an easy time now, compared with before the wore, an' their profits are as big, if not bigger. But there's some good chaps in the trade at Dover, an' they'll support you all right. . . . 'Ow will thet do, sir? . . . Thank you; I'm much obliged. Goo'day, sir, an' goo' luck!

NO MORE BOILS OR ULCERS.

Its Unsurpassed Power of Drawing out the Poisonous Impurities enables Grasshopper Ointment to Cure these Troubles by Removing the Cause.

No sufferer from boils or ulcers who has ever given Grasshopper Ointment a fair trial has denied its efficacy. During the past few years we have made some very strong claims regarding the curative value of our Ointment, but no one as far as we have any record has ever accused us of exaggeration. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of "Grasshopper" in treating boils and ulcers. Thanks to its extraordinary absorptive properties, it draws out the poisonous impurities which produce boils and ulcers with a promptitude which surprises all those who use it. No method of curing ulcers and boils is more effective than the application of Grasshopper Ointment, as it cures by removing the cause. If you suffer from any trouble caused by poisoned blood, just try one box of Grasshopper Ointment. But be sure that it is the genuine "Grasshopper," and not some worthless substitute or imitation.

CHILBLAINS

"GRASSHOPPER" IS A RAPID AND POSITIVE CURE.

For Chilblains, Grasshopper Ointment is a cure of unsurpassed value. It draws out the inflammation and cures the worst cases of Chilblains.

Grasshopper Ointment can be obtained at Messrs. Boot's, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co. and other Stores and Chemists at 1/3 a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

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- it gives complete nourishment;
- it allays the craving of the stomach;
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is so highly nutritious that athletes use it in training, so delicious that invalids and aged persons enjoy it, year in and year out.

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is offered for the most appropriate verses on the Unknown Warrior recently interred in Westminster Abbey. Full particulars given in last week's issue of "John Bull." All attempts must be posted by Jan. 6th.

Winox will renew your Health, increase your strength and tone up the whole system. The best few glasses will make all the difference. Buy 6 bottles 20/-.

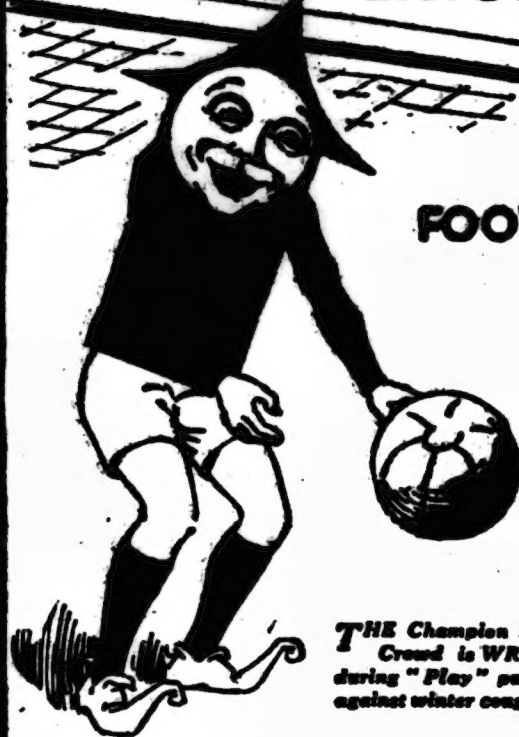
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MOST of the leading "Players"—Amateur and Professional—keep up their "Form" during the hardest game with the wonder-working aid of WRIGLEY'S.

TAKE a packet of WRIGLEY'S to your next "Game." See how it helps you to play a finer game, or—if you are a "Spectator"—how it doubles your enjoyment of the "Match."

EVERYBODY LIKES WRIGLEY'S, because it is the longest-lasting, the cheapest, and the most wholesome of all sweetmeats.

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CLARNICO CAMELS
the link between this Year
and last**

**Cream, Lily, &
Chocolate-Lily**

CLARNICO

LAST week I indulged in a few more or less sentimental reflections about Christmas, concluding with a somewhat forced reiteration of the time-honoured "Compliments of the Season." Well, Christmas has come and gone, and if any of my readers succeeded in extracting merriment out of it, I beg to tender my heartiest congratulations. And now we come to the latter half of the wish—a "Happy New Year"—and it is the new year, the year of Our Lord, 1921, that I want to speak about. After all, the birth of a new year is of more practical importance—albeit devoid of the same sacred symbolic significance—than that other birth which Christmas commemorates. The one is a beautiful legend—the other, a scientific, astronomical—yes, and astrological—fact. It opens a fresh chapter in the life of every one of us—and in the life, and the death, of the world. Each individual and each nation will on Saturday, January 1st, 1921, start with a clean slate, on which will at once be inscribed a New Year's resolution. What yours will be—what mine will be—will depend upon the special circumstances of our personal and private lives; but what of Britain's resolution? Shall we go muddling on, as we are doing to-day, two years and more after the Armistice? As I ask this question, the train in which I am writing is passing the great military cemetery at Etaples, in which repose the bodies of over five thousand boys who gave their lives for Britain's sake. I was there four years ago, when some of them were laid to rest—and my eyes turn to a spot where a gallant fellow dying in agonising torture now sleeps, whose hand I held as the Great Reaper came and rescued him from his sufferings, and whose last words were: "See, Mr. Bottomley, that it is made worth while." Yes, there is the little wooden cross which I was privileged to place over him, and again I hear his words—"Make it worth while."

Premier's Last Chance.

So, if you please, we will ask ourselves to-day what we are going to do about it all. I know the war was a big thing to clear up, but, as I have said, we have already been over two years on the job and the end is still apparently afar off. Now this will not do. We must have a Time Limit, and if within the prescribed period the Government fails to straighten out the war's aftermath, then we must find others who can. And, for myself, I would give Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues till November 11th next—that is to say, a period, altogether, of three years—to complete the work; and not a day longer. If by that date every war emergency measure has not been repealed, if every special War Ministry has not been abolished, if in finance we have not got down to a "normal year," if useful employment has not been found for every willing worker, if "Dora" hasn't gone—if, in short, we haven't returned to pre-war conditions—then, without hesitation, I say the People must take matters into their own hands, and clear out Whitehall and Downing Street, lock, stock and barrel. Let that, then, be the nation's New Year resolution. We have been very patient with the Government as a whole, and with the Prime Minister in particular. Indeed, I am not sure that we haven't somewhat spoiled the Little Man from Wales. We have grown into the habit of saying that he is the only possible man. To a large degree that has been true during the past few years—for he had the public confidence, and he held the keys of the European situation in his hands. But a one-man policy cannot endure for ever; and now that there is no longer any necessity for the war policy of the blank cheque, Ministers must expect candid and searching criticism. Personally, ever since the General Election of 1918 I have refrained from active parliamentary opposition. I have felt it my duty to give the Government every chance, and I have often remained silent, or kept away, rather than do or say anything to make the task of the Prime Minister harder. With the meeting of the new Parliament in February, however, I shall return to the rôle which I filled—not without success—in former Parliaments. The Independent Group may be numerically small, but it will be both vigilant and active. If I remember rightly, the Fourth Party of the early 'eighties consisted of only four members—but it made its power felt; and so shall we. I am, of course, assuming that Mr. Lloyd George "sticks it," notwithstanding that he is rapidly losing his hold over a considerable portion of the

SALVATION OR DAMNATION

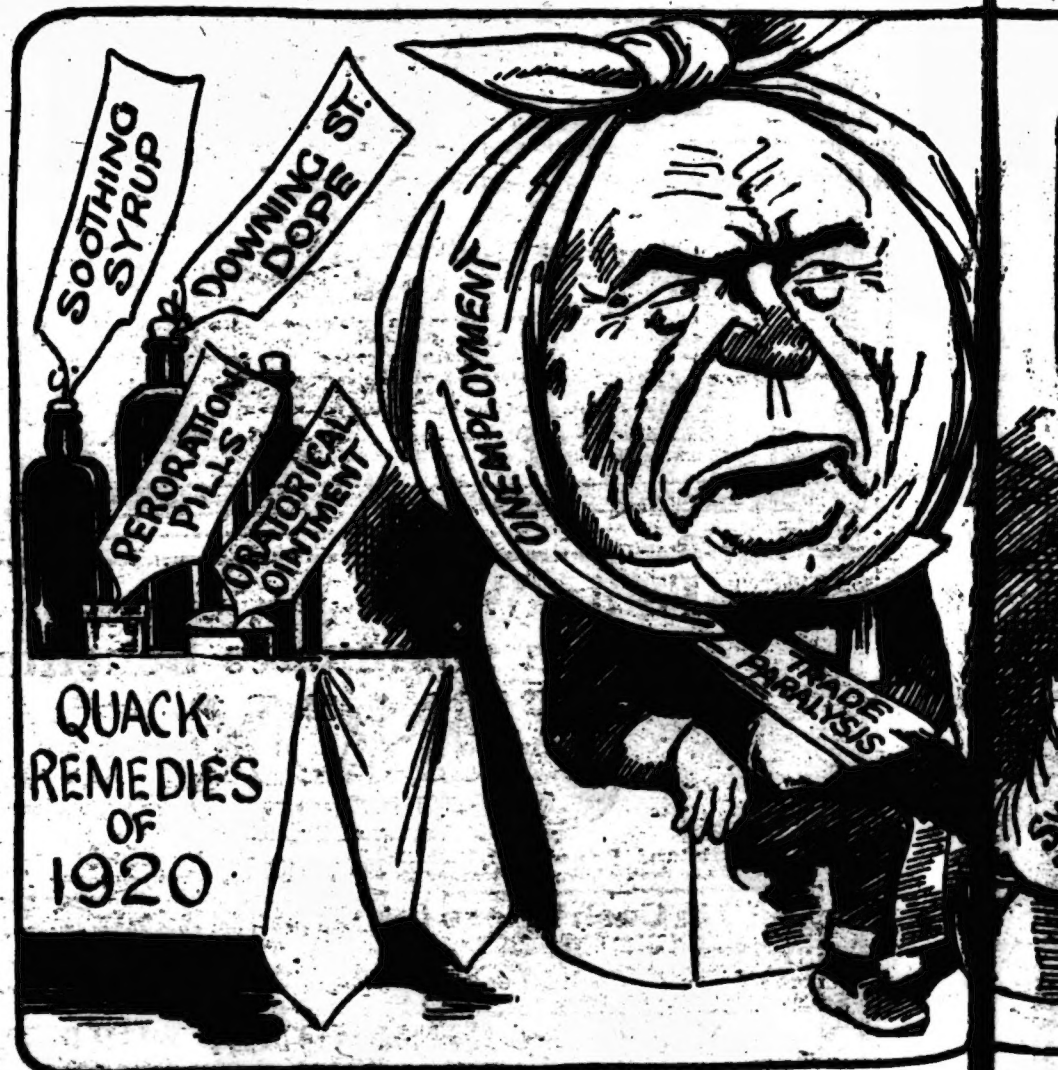
The New Year's Outlook.—Now or Never for Peace

By THE EDITOR

Coalition. If, however, there should be good ground for the rumour, persistent in quarters which should know, of another election before long—well, what The Wrekin has done, and what I believe Dover is doing, other constituencies can do, and the new Parliament might well find itself strengthened by the presence of a formidable group of Independents, who in more senses than one would mean Business. On the other hand, every by-election will, I believe, be a warning to the Government—so that 1921 should make history. And it will not be my fault if in the first weeks of the New Year there is not a drastic change.

Truth and Romance.

I sometimes wish that the House of Commons had public galleries large enough to accommodate a fairly adequate and representative selection of the voters. What a revelation it would be if only the humble voter from the provinces could see the manner in which so many elected representatives of the people discharge their public duty! I sit there sometimes and wonder whether, after all, this is the best scheme of human government that our common wisdom can devise. At times it almost seemed that our assembled legislators had entirely forgotten their obligation to the outside public, that they imagined their constituencies were under their hats, that it was no concern of anyone but themselves whether they followed the crowd into the "Aye" lobby at the bidding of the Coalition Whips or tried to use their brains a bit and strike out a path of their own. It is just this easy-going temper among the bulk of Coalition nominees that has to be forcibly disturbed, and if necessary violently ruffled, if we are to see a way out of our present difficulties and land upon the solid ground of



THE WAR-STRICKEN WORLD (as the new doctor arrives). "I

AMNATION IN 1921.

Peace and Prosperity!—Where Do We Stand?
THE EDITOR.

Good Hope that we are accustomed to claim as our proper territory as often as the New Year comes round. Therefore I say again, if disappointed much longer in my long-cherished hopes of better things I shall fling aside all considerations of lesser weight and make myself the leader of revolt, rallying to my standard that great body of opinion in the House that places the public interest in front of mere political considerations. As often as a Minister is convicted of reckless trifling with the pledges tendered at the General Election, as often as the head of a great Department of State is found guilty of wicked and wanton extravagance in the administration of public funds, I shall demand "his head on a charger"—or, in less figurative terms, I shall insist that he be instantly dismissed from the office he holds and replaced by a man who has a conscience and such a sense of duty as we are entitled to demand from any individual who, under our so-called "self-governing" system, is chosen to be one of our rulers.

Ministerial Hypocrisy.

I will no longer put up with the unfortunately all too prevalent state of affairs that allows Ministers to be for ever prating on public platforms of the beauties of democracy only to enable them in the privacy of the smoking-room to snigger at the hypocrisy of it all and congratulate each other, with scarcely concealed winks and nods, on the fancied security of their well-paid and comfortable jobs. This position is to me a cynical travesty of all the hopes the best element of the nation entertained during those tragic years when we were sending our brave boys to fight and starve and die in the blood and mud of Flanders, in order—so we said—that Britain for the future might be fair and free and prosperous,



under if he'll prove as big a quack as his predecessor!"

and worthy of the devotion that impelled them to hurl their young bodies against the angry steel of the German armies. This, at any rate, is my New Year's resolution. If the Government at the eleventh hour see fit to amend their ways and to make one last honest attempt to pull us out of the terrible morass into which we have drifted, they may count upon my earnest support in the Division Lobbies and through the columns of this journal, but not otherwise. After a few months of grace I am all out to bring this faltering Ministry to the ground. I will take no hand in applying "artificial respiration" to a Government that is drowning in the swirling flood of its own incompetency and falsehood. So there it stands.

Hope Still Left.

I have no wish to strike a dismal note at a time of year when it is our immemorial fashion to rally all the optimism we possess, and to bank heavily upon the credit of human fellowship and good will. Remember, in all that I have said of criticism and condemnation I have been talking not of the British nation, but of the governors with whom for the moment it chances to be afflicted. Thank God, the difference is as wide as the desert and as deep as the ocean. It is our fundamental good fortune in this country that we never need lose faith in the basic good will of the bulk of those whose combined fortitude and heroism has been the stuff of which our historic greatness and glory has been made. I am no hand at epigrams, but if I may put it in a phrase—if Britain had not been Britain, there would be no Britain to-day; and we may look to the future with a pride and confidence as serene as that with which we are entitled to contemplate the glories of the past. Given a sense of responsibility on the part of the Government, allowing for a reasonable measure of prudence and commonsense in those to whom the steering of the ship of State is entrusted, the outlook for this country is brighter than that of any nation which in the grim Audit of Armageddon paid an equal price for the preservation of its liberties. Of course, we have powerful rivals, notably the United States and Japan—and in many directions we are doing our best to permit Germany once again to step into the lists of international rivalry to our undoing; but, despite all this, I have not the least fear we shall hold our own, and come out once more on top, if only we can break up the spirit of apathy that seems to have fallen like a blight upon the administration of national affairs. Still, when all is said, we are a people yet—a people with a past studded with jewels of valour and gems of sacrifice that would be ornaments in the proudest diadem that ever a nation won the right to wear.

Our Waggish Way.

We are apt to forget this at times; it is our waggish British way to minimise all our virtues, exaggerate all our faults, and shout to other nations—who are often lacking in the sense of humour that might enable them to appreciate such statements at their true value—that we are of all peoples on earth the most miserable and of all races the most bereft of hope. Of course we don't mean it. We know—all of us who trouble to think—that if to-morrow such a challenge came to us as was flung across the Channel when the sluice-gates of German hatred opened and deluged the world with tragedy and loss, it would be accepted in the same spirit of resolute endeavour as was the pride of our race when the "Old Contemptibles" marched out to death as gaily as if a picnic had lain at the end of their road. Thank God, there is no such possibility; no blood-trail stains the prospect for the New Year. The situation, though serious, is not one to breed despair—rather should we pull ourselves together with the resolution that though, as I say, it is going to be "Now or Never," it is certainly going to be *Now*, and that the "Never" which might spell ruin has no place in the horoscope of Britain. It comes, then, to this. The heart of the British people responds to the old New Year appeal with all the sincerity that ever was, but while we retain a modicum of our reputation for sanity we will permit no clique of Ministers to trifle with our precious heritage. I am not in the habit of breaking my considered resolutions. I am a politician in a sense, of course; but first and foremost, I am a plain British citizen. And now, to every reader, the happiest of New Years!

In giving publicity on this page to class of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters or postcards bearing name and address for publication.

All communications must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

The PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters and postcards for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal topics. For short acknowledgments of other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," pages 18-19.

A New Year's Resolution—

That each family in a position to do so, should temporarily "adopt" an unemployed's family; give, and give quickly, practical, kindly help, and do the utmost for that family—personally. A little touch of nature makes all the whole world kin!—J. BROWNE, Worthing Road, Southsea.

(An eminently appropriate suggestion, as we recall the sentiments of the Christmas season.)

The School Pennies.

School children have been bringing the same old cry home from their teachers—"More pennies wanted to swell the Fund for the Famine Area of Europe." It would be a good thing if they were to alter their cry to "More money wanted to help support the dependants of the great Army of Unemployed."—H. W. CALLOUT, Winkfield Road, Plaistow.

(The point is one we have repeatedly raised, but the hide of the rhinoceros is thin as gold-leaf beside that of the L.C.C.)

America's Attitude.

America has sent England a Note on the "Oil Question." England should send America a Note on the "De Valera Question." This man was allowed to go about the United States openly preaching rebellion and sedition against England, also collecting money which was used to buy arms and ammunition to destroy English (and Irish) life and property. England should demand this man's arrest and extradition. No other country in the world would tolerate such conduct on the part of America!—H. W. JOHNSON, High Street, Portland, Dorset.

(It seems, however, that Yankee sauce, served hot, is a popular condiment with our British authorities.)

The Only Way?

Over two years ago the Armistice—and the reconstruction, so much talked about, is no nearer now than then! As the present House of Commons seems to be composed mostly of men afflicted with squander-mania, it is no wonder that the business men of this country refuse to enter upon fresh enterprises until the wasters and limpets of the Government are wiped out. A General Election seems the only way to bring about the much-needed reforms of Employment, Economy and Retrenchment.—W. J. BROWN, Dorset Gardens, Brighton.

(A General Election may not be immediately in sight, but we advise you not to gamble against one within the next six months.)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Seager.

"Lost in Transit."

Cannot something be done with regard to speeding up the settlement of claims for goods lost in transit on our railways? Often 12 months will elapse before a claim is met, and this only after a lot of equivocation and correspondence. Where the consignees are poor persons this delay often entails great hardship.—LUCY HENDERSON, Gorseinon, Glam.

(Unhappily, the task of "hurrying" our State-supervised railways is one that calls for miraculous powers.)

Candidates for Parliament.

If a business is to be successfully conducted, each individual of the management must be qualified for the position he holds. The Members of our House of Commons are but the salaried managers of a huge business concern. Before seeking election, a would-be M.P. should be required to pass a standard test of such subjects as Commercial Law and Political Economy, a fair knowledge of which should be necessary to qualify him for a voice in the affairs of the nation. The House, at this time especially, is no place for the incompetent, unbusinesslike, Party deadhead.—MR. M. SEAGER, Avondale Road, Gorseinon-on-Sea.

Concrete from Pit-Waste.

Cheaper houses could be built if pit mounds were used up for the purpose of making concrete blocks, bricks, doorsteps, tiles, etc., for house-building. The expense would be trifling, for the plant required is hand brick-making machines, which cost less than £20 each, screens costing about £5 each, while shovels are cheap. The proportions of three-quarters material classified "pit mound" and one-quarter cement produces imperishable articles. Dr. Macnamara would then find employment for thousands of ex-Service men without strife with the Unions.—PERCY BROMLEY, Cambridge Road, Smethwick.

(This is a highly technical matter, which we commend to Dr. Addison—who, we wager a row of houses, knows less about it than we do.)

The "C.S." Population.

Shall we ever have a real League for Health first, and education second? Why do we allow so many of our children to become neurasthenics at fifteen and sixteen years of age, because of overstudy and lack of health instruction, including that of sex?—A. GOODBODY, Clapham Park Road, S.W.

(The old idea of "mens sana in corpore sano" is too often neglected in our educational system.)

Unclaimed Bank Balances.

In a London bank there lies £20,000 for which owners are being sought. It belongs to shareholders in the Halifax Graving Dock Company, formed in 1885 to construct and operate a dry dock at Halifax, Nova Scotia. This company, it appears, has paid no dividend during all the intervening years, and the shareholders whom it is desired to trace have probably considered their shares as practically worthless.—JOHN KELLY, Smith Street, Whiteinch, Glasgow.

(Another aspect of a problem which has been our constant theme.)

Ratepayers and "Pussyfoot" Polls.

The expenses incurred by the recent polls on the drink question in Scotland have added another burden to the load of the overtaxed ratepayer. As all these polls resulted from the direct action of the "No Licence Party"—certainly the minority of the electors—could not something be done to protect the majority of the taxpayers from again having to bear the expenses of a future poll on the same question?—WILLIAM MURPHY, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

(Unfortunately it seems the tendency nowadays to quarter any old sad on the rates.)

The New War.

According to the Press, the ex-Kaiser has received £4,000,000 since January of last year, and yet we are told that Germany cannot possibly pay her War Debt to the Allies. The textile trade in Germany is booming, while the cotton operatives in Lancashire are unemployed—or working only part time. There is much distress there, owing to bad trade and the high cost of commodities. Germany is going to beat us in the commercial war, unless masters and operatives alter their methods and take the advice of the Prince of Wales to "pull together."—P. McDONOVAN, Forest Street, Bâcup.

(The wealth retained by the Kaiser is a scandal which, as we notice, even our sainted contemporary "The Daily News" deplores.)

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



State does the honest working man's True self-respect dashirk— He wants no charitable plans, But work!



Whereas there is another sort Whom work fills with dismay— Who merely wants, for doing naught, Good pay!



Despite the bucking, Bonar Law Keeps his precarious seat, Resisting, with determined jaw, Defeat.



Wild beasts of pre-historic days, That, living, would affright, Afford the "Arts" Habitués Delight.

1921

Start it "Good and Well"

WITH

The Craftsman's Guide AT YOUR ELBOW.

"THE AMATEUR MECHANIC"
compiled by skilled craftsmen in
simple, non-technical language
with "How-to-Do-It" Pictures,
Drawings, and Diagrams.

Presents Working Directions

FOR HOUSEHOLDERS AND CITIZENS
who wish to save on Home Expenses.

On how to make soap—To mend windows—To paint theatrical scenery—To paint and paper a room—To sole and heel and patch boots and shoes—To mount maps—To bind magazines and to rebind old books—To make a pair of hand-sewn boots—To restore colour to old brown shoes—To make household furniture—To reseat chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To instal a speaking-tube—To make a wire bracket for placing over oil lamp or gas bracket so that food can be heated over it—To clean a Primus or other stove—To repair bicycles—To overhaul a motor-car—To repair a motor-cycle—To work in metal—To colour metals—To make a garden frame—To repair water taps—To varnish a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To make mailcart and perambulator hoods—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—To do wood inlaying—To cure a smoky chimney—To prepare working drawings and how to read working drawings—To make a chemical weather glass—To renovate a grandfather clock—To make invisible ink—To make garden furniture, arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, tables, etc.—To fit up the house with electric light—To use metal drilling tools—To clean book-covers—To renovate mirrors—To upholster furniture in leather cloth—To mend broken china—To do fretwork—To build a boat—To make a canoe, etc.

FOR ENGINEERS AND ELECTRICIANS
who wish to master Craftsmanship.

On Wireless telegraphy—Electrical jobbing—Accumulators for electric light—Testing accumulators—Amalgamating zinc—An aquarium with aerating apparatus—Adjusting ball valves—Making a glycerine barometer—and various other barometers—A constant bichromate battery—Leclanché battery—Beaumontage—To make a Blériot model flyer—Blowpipe manipulating—The cramping action of bolts—Boring lathes—Drilling with a brace—A brass-finisher's lathe—Buhl work—A bull-nosed plane—Centering bars with callipers—To make a Canadian canoe—Glass capillary tubes—A capstan lathe—Cartesian diver—Case hardening—Ornamental cement-work—Chamfering, hardening and tempering chisels—Cistern barometers—A coaster hub—Colouring copper—An electric reading lamp—Electro-magnetic waves—Overhauling a motor-car engine—A Fitzroy barometer—Model flyers of many kinds—Concrete floors—Choked flues—Fumigating furniture—Galvanising—Inlaying of many kinds—Colouring irons—Hektographs—Lime absorbing moisture—Using the micrometer—Gramophone needles—Glazing paints—To take paper casts from plaster models—Electric pole-finders—Making printing press—Gramophone records—Scagliola artificial marble-making—Scene-painting—Shocking coils—Theatrical scene-painting—Lacquering tin—To make a vase from a tumbler, etc., etc. This work is

Chock full of information that MEANS MORE MONEY IN 1921.

This Work teaches over 400 Trades, Arts and Crafts.

A SPECIMEN OF THE "THOROUGHNESS"

The section on Locksmith's Work includes Household Locks and How to Fit Them—Mortise locks—The "hand" of a door lock—Rim locks—How to fix a rim lock—Upright locks—Some terms explained—Drawback locks—Dead locks—Night latches—How to fit an ordinary night latch—The Yale or pin-tumbler night latch—Fitting a pin-tumbler night latch—Plate or steel locks—Rim latches—Cabinet locks—Fitting straight cupboard locks—Fitting cut cupboard locks—Fitting till or drawer locks—Fitting box or chest locks—Lock repairing and key cutting—Four-lever latch locks—Renewing broken pin—Renewing broken spring—Cutting a key for a lever lock—Cutting key for mended lock—Repairing the mortise lock—Cutting key for Yale pin-tumbler latch—Padlocks: Improving a common lock—Worn keyholes in lock plates—Remedying broken bolt—Stuffed keys—Lock picks and fake keys—Adjustments for a shrunken door—How to make a letter-lock (puzzle lock), etc., etc.

A TIP FOR AMBITIOUS MEN Be Your Own Master.

If you must work for somebody, work for yourself.

Mr. F. H. PARKES, Brighton, writes:—

"The work is excellent. It is almost impossible for any amateur worker to desire knowledge which is not to be found within these four volumes. I am working in a small shop, odd-jobbing, taking everything that comes my way, and my scope has been enlarged as though I had served innumerable apprenticeships. I am even contemplating taking up some entirely fresh trade as a spare-time occupation. I have already made a successful attempt at watch and clock repairing by getting a watch and a clock in good working order that had been returned as hopeless by three watchmakers!! My entire information on the subject came from 'The Amateur Mechanic.'"

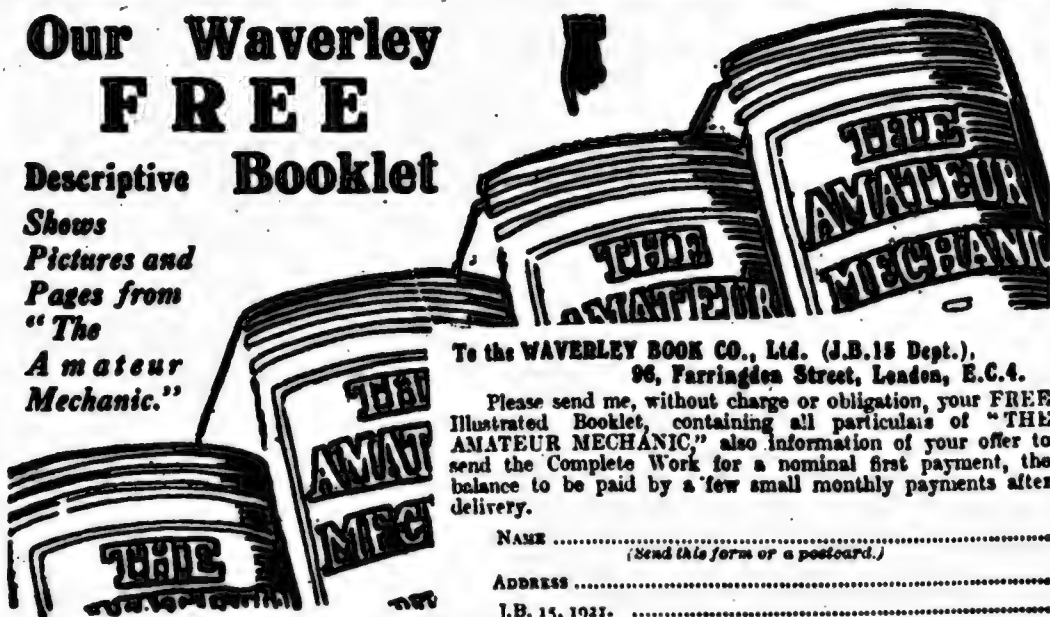
N.B.—"THE AMATEUR MECHANIC" Pays for Itself

Mr. BEARD, Long Eaton, writes:—"I intend that this work shall be a free gift to me; for by taking advantage of your instalment plan I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that quite a number of jobs I had intended putting out are treated of in the volumes and are by no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow). . . . Once again to thank you. . . ."

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ADDRESS

J.B. 15, 1921.

The NATIONAL NEWS—a clean Sunday newspaper.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Back inquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Still Nervous.

Up to the eve of the holidays there was a continuance of the liquidation which has been the most prominent factor on the Stock Exchange for several weeks past. Every section has been affected to a greater or less extent, and while there have been occasional pauses in the flow of selling orders, the cumulative effect has left a disastrous impression on quotations. It can be easily understood, therefore, that there should be a good deal of anxiety about the future, and dealers are just as nervous as the general body of investors.

Clue to the Position.

A curious feature of the present position is that the best-class stocks are often more seriously depressed than less desirable securities, and that affords a clue to the position. War Loans and shares which enjoy an international market (such as Mexican Eagles, Shells, De Beers, etc.) are more easily disposed of, because it is always possible to deal in large lines without smashing the price. In other words, they are a freer market than securities in the second and third rank.

A Case in Point.

An examination of Allsopp's balance-sheet shows that the firm has disposed of about £365,000 of War Loans during the past year. The explanation is simple. Owing to the high cost of materials it takes more money to carry the usual quantity of stock, and the weight of taxation is a terrible drain on resources. At the same time the banks are very reluctant to increase accommodation. Funds have to be raised, and that can only be done by realising securities which the holders would prefer to keep in more normal times.

A Hopeful View.

No doubt a great many firms are in the same position as Allsopp's, and it is unnecessary to look farther for one of the main causes of the recent liquidation. Probably weak spots occur here and there, but the bulk of the selling is not of a "forced" character, as the term is usually understood. Firms simply need more capital to carry on their business, and for this reason the selling is not so ominous as would otherwise be the case. When the Government sees its way to reduce the weight of taxation, and when the decline in prices makes further progress, the tide will begin to flow in the opposite direction.

Farrow's Bank Failure.

Those behind the scenes have known for two or three weeks that the affairs of this bank were causing anxiety, but it was hoped up till the last moment that means would be found to pull them straight. Unfortunately they proved more involved than was thought, and, as all the world knows, the order went forth to suspend payment.

A Deplorable Event.

What I find it hard to understand is why, on the one hand, the decision could not have been arrived at earlier; or, on the other, why it could not be postponed a little longer. To close a few days before Christmas was the unkindest cut of all. It is like giving a man notice of dismissal in the envelope which he expects to contain his Christmas box. If it had come earlier, the unfortunate depositors might have been able to make temporary arrangements for their seasonable needs; if it had been delayed even a week, it could not have made a difference of more than a few thousands, and a great deal of unnecessary hardship would have been avoided.

Home Railway Future.

I am very glad to see that the Railway Companies' Association has issued a reasoned reply to the proposals put forward by the Ministry of Transport. Everyone agrees with the principle of forming the lines into groups, and the Association's proposals under this heading appear to be more logical and practical than those of the Ministry. To anyone who knows the conditions it seems absurd to cut off the Caledonian from the North-Western or the North British from the North-Eastern and Great Northern.

Finance and Control.

That, however, is more or less a matter of detail. It is a different story with regard to the financial proposals. The lines are to be handed back to the proprietors next August; but if they function efficiently and earn larger profits, the State proposes to step in and annex the surplus. Railway dividends have never been on an over-generous scale, and railway shareholders are the only class of investors who have not been allowed to benefit one penny by war conditions, in spite of the splendid services they rendered to this country. The suggestion that they should never be allowed to benefit in the future must be strenuously opposed.

British American Tobacco.

It is gratifying to holders that, at the meeting to be held on the 30th, a final dividend of 9 per cent., free of tax, will be declared upon the Ordinary shares. The net profits for the year, after deducting all expenses for management and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Profits Tax, and adjusting the liability in respect of E.P.D., are nearly five millions. Wonderful!

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT. COMPANY MEETING.

LIPTON, LTD.

At an extraordinary general meeting of Lipton, Ltd., held at Winchester House, London, E.C., for the purpose of submitting a resolution increasing the capital of the company to £3,250,000 by the creation of one million new shares of £1 each.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., the chairman, presided. He said he was by far the largest shareholder in the company, owning many hundreds of thousands of both Ordinary and Preference shares, and shareholders might be sure that, with such large interests at stake, he would not support the resolution now being submitted if he thought it would be detrimental in any way to the interests of the company. He supported it because he felt certain it would increase the earning power of the company.

The Deputy-chairman (Mr. C. Williamson Milne), in moving the resolution, said that the directors were under no necessity, nor had they any immediate intention, of making an issue of the new capital which they were asking the shareholders to create. They were increasing the capital merely as a precautionary measure, and in order that they might have the shares available for issue when times were propitious. Beyond the statement that they would probably be Preference shares, he might say that the directors had come to no decision as to what form the new issue would take when it was made, and they had entered into no arrangement for making it. They simply wanted to place themselves in the position of being able promptly to take advantage of favourable market conditions on the Stock Exchange when these arose. When the issue was made

the calls would spread over a long period—probably 6, 8 or even 12 months—in order to meet the convenience of shareholders, of whom they had nearly 35,000. The directors had a habit of looking ahead, and preparing for future developments and requirements. Their reading of the future was that the firms who were going to maintain and consolidate their position in the front rank of commerce in this country were those who, in addition to good and careful management, were possessed of ample cash capital for their requirements. In the grocery and provision trade they could not stand still.

They had broken quite a series of records during the last three years, and shareholders would be glad to know that the trading at the company's branch shops for the nine months which would end on December 31 would constitute another record in the history of the business, both as regarded increased turnover and increased results earned from that source. It was a well-recognised fact that the backbone of the business and its main earning power existed in their home branches. Since the Armistice they had opened a very large number of new branches in different parts of the United Kingdom, and at the present time many of their new shops were being fitted up, in addition to which a very large number of their old branches were being overhauled, and brought up to date to enable them to deal with increasing trade. Their factories and stores had to keep pace with the increasing number of shops, and during the past 15 months they had spent considerably over £200,000 in the acquisition of freehold sites and in buildings, extensions, and improvements. Mr. J. Frank Gregory (one of the managing directors) seconded the resolution, which was carried by a large majority.

Everybody likes me -
I am really smooth
in character -
I cost only
3 each.



Velvet Pencils
OF ALL STATIONERS
Velvet 175 S. Lower Cannon Road: E.C.4

"MINE AHEAD OF SOAPS"
GRE-SOLVENT
FOR THE HANDS AND THE HOUSEHOLD.
In Tins at 4d., 5d., and 1/6.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
Friendly Society. Est. 1843.
Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders.
Claims Paid £15,000,000
Invested Funds... £8,000,000
Annual Income... £3,000,000
All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.
Chief Office: ST. ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE. We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 52, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOOD-BYE TO INDIGESTION.

Digestive pain? You'd better try this simple little plan that has been so successful in thousands of cases just like yours. Take three Bismag tablets immediately after eating, or whenever pain is felt; that's all. Surprising how effective it is: three little minutes, and the pain's all gone. There's no arguing about the effects of Bismag tablets; they just do the trick and leave you astonished and delighted. Try them! One-and-three or half-a-crown a flask, according to size, and the least expensive remedy you can get, for they do their work extremely well. Get a package from the chemist to-day, and say "Good-bye" to the worries of indigestion; but look carefully on the wrapper for the name, BISMAG LTD., to ensure you've got the right article.

BISMAG MAGNESIA is the best remedy for indigestion; and is also obtainable in powder form at 3/- for a large bottle. [Advt.]

IRON-OX
Tiny Tonic Tablets.
For INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
LIVER, or ANEMIA.
50 Tablets ON SALE 250 for
1/3 EVERYWHERE 5/.

Death and Starvation Facing Millions

THE HOPELESS DAWN OF A NEW YEAR
Appalling Plight of 5,000,000 Innocent Children
COLD, HUNGER, and DISEASE CLAIMING BABY VICTIMS EVERY MINUTE.

It is a terrible thought that during the Xmas Festivities, just past, Thousands of INNOCENT LITTLE BABIES have been foully done to death by the demon of hunger, that THOUSANDS ARE NOW DYING DAILY for the want of just that little food necessary to sustain the vital spark of life in their Frail Bodies—AND EVERY DAY THAT PASSES TAKES ITS DREADFUL TOLL OF INNOCENT LIVES.

The Dawn of the New Year breaks upon a scene of Tragedy, unequalled in History, in the Magnitude of its Dimensions, or the Enormity and Pathos of its sufferings.

A TERRIBLE FACT.

In many districts, alas! there is not a child alive under the age of seven years—so stern is the struggle for life, so poor and wasted the maternal breasts that should give nourishment to the blind hunger of the infant.

There are literally MILLIONS of children to whom ONE scanty meal each day is beauty unspeakable, to whom pieces of paper on a heap of contaminated rags represents Heaven-sent protection against the gripping cold of this most severe winter.

CAN YOU ENTER UPON THE NEW YEAR, with its hope for the future, and its good resolves, without paying heed to the urgent appeal that is made to you, to do your share in saving these tiny children?

Let YOUR Good Resolve this New Year be an effort according to your ability, to Succour one or more of these tiny innocent mites and save them from the horrible torturing death, to which they are surely doomed, failing your timely intervention.

INCORREPARABLE SUFFERINGS.

We who live our ordered, even luxurious lives, can have no conception of the horror that stalks among the children of Europe—of the unendurable agony of thousands of bereaved mothers, many of whom have lost two, three, four children, and are fighting, with desperate self-denial, against the gaunt death that awaits their surviving offspring.

But how vain are heroism and self-sacrifice in a bleak, untended country. They cannot procure food where none is to be had. They cannot make warm



THE HOPELESS DAWN OF A NEW YEAR IN THE FAMINE AREA.

If You let another day dawn on this Famine Stricken land, without raising a hand to help, another grave will be dug; and another, for there are 5,000,000 helpless infants who are perishing for want of food and succour.

clothes from empty air—and so the tragedy is going on every minute, every hour! Can any of us who read hear of it unmoved by any pity by any generous impulse?

There are five million children in dire want and danger, starving or naked, many wholly uncared for, suffering from every imaginable disease—tuberculosis, rickets, softening of the bones, emaciation, smallpox and typhus.

You can see how terribly urgent is the need, in fact, the whole truth about the appalling sufferings of the famine-stricken little ones is so dreadful that no newspaper would publish it. There is no room for scepticism or doubt—least of all for hesitation or delay. Please send **whatever you can spare** quickly, or another death and yet another and another will occur which might have been prevented.

WHAT THE "SAVE THE CHILDREN" FUND CAN DO WITH YOUR HELP.

- £2 10 0 Will keep 20 Children alive for a Week.
- £5 Will provide Hot Meals for 50 Children for 4 days, or will keep a child alive for a Year.
- £10 Will provide a meal and clothes for 50 Children, or allow One Child to be taken to Switzerland and Nursed Back to Life and Strength.
- £20 Will provide a bed at one of the Emergency Hospitals for a Disease-stricken Child.
- £50 Will Feed a Whole Village and provide Warm Clothing for the Worst Cases Exposed to Winter's Cold.

Let the New Year Bring the Greatest Gift of All to these Tiny Children, namely, LIFE. It is within your power to do this. What greater gift could you make or more splendid action do?

Pass into 1921 with the pleasurable knowledge that you, at least, have saved one of these suffering Children from further agony and a terrible death.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

PATRONS:

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER; THE RIGHT HON. EARL CURZON, K.G.; THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT CECIL, M.P.

TO LORD WEARDALE,

Chairman of Committee of "Save the Children Fund" (Room 570), 26, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SIR,—I would like to help the Starving Children in the Famine Areas of Europe and Asia Minor, and enclose..... as a donation to the "Save the Children Fund."

NAME

ADDRESS

John Bull, 1/1/21.

Arrangements are being completed by the Save the Children Fund to succour the children of the unemployed in this country. Full details will be published shortly, but meanwhile, all donations earmarked "BRITISH RELIEF" will be used for this purpose.

TOMMY, JACK, AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

The Boys in India:—Although you are so far away, we think of you and work for you. We know all about the little pin-pricks from which you suffer—the promises of irresponsible recruiting people at home who offered you lots of leave and all kinds of fallacious concessions if you joined the new formations. Most of you have been very badly deceived, but—can we say anything better?—JOHN BULL is looking after you and will see you through.

Poor Old Heroes:—The good old soldiers of long ago, now in dry dock at Chelsea, make an appeal to us. Each week they have a medical inspection, with bare feet, trousers rolled up, chest bared, and shirt sleeves dragged up to the armpits. They complain of the fiendish cold to which they are exposed, and we are with them. Why not carry out this mediæval medical inspection in a well-warmed room?

We Don't Know:—The Machine Gunners at Risalpur, in India, send us a poser. In a fire-grate were found some charred nails and screws, which were no doubt attached to wood that had been burned. The men ask us how a Government official recognised the ruined ironmongery as Government property that had been looted, and why the whole company should be punished by extra route marches and the rest of it.

Still Going Strong!—Months ago we asked when the re-engaged men would obtain the amount of their bounty due on March 31st last, and the late Mr. Charles Palmer brought the matter up in the House—being assured at the time that the matter was "all right." Thousands of men have not yet received their money, and again we ask "What about it?"

Oliver Twist:—The 3rd Batt. Rifle Brigade at Gosport are up in arms against what they term a ration scandal; and as we should like to have Tommy well fed, we drop a hint to the O.C. that a little inquiry might have results.

From "Messup":—Many millions are being poured into Mesopotamia; but little of the "brass" finds its way into the British Service Officers' pockets. When leaving England early this year, a large number of officers were given to understand that they would get Indian rates of pay; but behold, they are drawing the British rates in rupees, and few of the disillusioned ones are not financially embarrassed in consequence.

Heoray!—The Embroidery and Lace Department of the War Office, having hibernated during the war, has now wakened up. Its slumbers has added to its vim. For now comes a long instruction concerning buttons, cap covers, bits of gimp, gorgets, etc., that must be changed. For heaven's sake, if military badges are to be measured with a microscope and altered by the well-paid Trimmings Department of the War Office, give us what is called simplicity!

Barge-Bolsby-Bounty:—The bounty granted to H.M. 130 M.M. Gun barge (from H.M.S. *Glory*) for the destruction of a Bolshevik gunboat on 13th October, 1918, is now ready for distribution.

Salvage Money:—The following awards are also now being disbursed:—Salvage of cargo of s.s. *Breynton* by H.M. Tugs *Carlmet* and *Stormcock* on the 26th and 27th November, 1917; salvage of Motor Drifter *Content* by H.M. Tug *Peewit* on the 22nd and 23rd July, 1919.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From B. J. C., Newhaven, Sussex:—"I am writing to thank you for your assistance in procuring my pension and the arrears due to me. I had written letters innumerable but without effect; but no sooner had I put my case up to you than things began to move. I am enclosing a subscription to your 'Greatest of These' Fund."

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the SPORTING LIFE.)

Manchester 210-Grant.

The liberality of the Manchester executive is hardly meeting with the success that it deserves. It is overcrowding their cards with horses trained in the North, of a doubtful class, without appealing to the owners with the best chasers in the South. Many owners and trainers would prefer it if they had the fare paid of their horses on the return journey.

New Year 'Chasing at Manchester.

The two Victory races at Castle Irwell this week-end should produce keenly-contested events. Wagering over Silver Ring and Garryroe in the big Steeplechase should be close and interesting. If the former can concede Hon. Aubrey Hastings's charge 21 lb. he will indeed be a champion. Lukeston has Voxol to beat in the Victory Hurdle Race.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWBURY—THURSDAY.

Juvenile Hurdle Race—DOUBLE UP.
Reading 'Chase—*EASTWARD HO!
United Services 'Chase—TEMPLEBAR.

NEWBURY—FRIDAY.

Berkshire Hurdle Race—PERRY HILL.
Lambourne 'Chase—OLD TAY BRIDGE.
Andover 'Chase—*TRENTINO.

MANCHESTER—SATURDAY.

Club Hurdle Race—*SUNSTROKE.
Victory 'Chase—GARRYVOE.
New Year 'Chase—BLAZING CORN.

MANCHESTER—MONDAY.

Canal 'Chase—*UNCLE JAMES.
Victory Hurdle Race—VOXOL.
Broughton Hurdle Race—BRUFF BRIDGE.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Helped:—An ex-Soldier cannot find employment, but who has two children and a wife to support—the latter about to be confined. He is, unfortunately, but one of many.

Agony of Mind:—A man who saw active service is in the infirmary. Outside were his wife and children, who were destitute until he wrote to us.

He Fought:—As a soldier, a man fought for us and was wounded. Now, as a civilian, he is workless—was in debt, and in danger of eviction—until he remembered our Fund.

A Load of Troubles:—An ex-"Tommy" is out of work. He is in an asylum, and when he visited us his little girl of 8 was about to be discharged from hospital, but lacked clothing. The poor chap owed rent, and had several tradesmen's debts on his shoulders.

All Gone:—A man and a patriot gave up his business to join the Army. Now he is back, has just been discharged from hospital, and has a wife and child in want. But the Government will not help him to regain his little business.

Welcome, Little Stranger:—Still the olive branches of the poor and the very poor arrive. The parents as a rule have not the fees necessary, not even being prepared with the usual clothing for the little mite. Through us you send joy to such humble householders. We have many requests for newly-arrived little Britons' clothing.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

We intended to present to you this week a selection of letters in their pathetic raw state, to show you the class of communication sent to us. But we will leave them over until next issue. Remember that our brief space allows us to publish weekly only half or a dozen or so cases.

For months past we have predicted what would happen this winter, and we have been right. Our question now is: Have you seen the columns of workless ex-soldiers marching through the streets of London—pinched, more or less ragged and down at heel—headed by the fifes and drums or the bugle band? And, heavens, how the musicians work! They bang their drums, shrill their fifes, and blow bugle and trumpet with the same grand vim that they showed in the old days when, with martial spirit, they were out to call men to the Colours to beat back the hated Hun!

And now! They are back, marching through the London streets, most of them hungry, the women and the kids at home also hungry, with nothing to help them to keep up their heads but the sound of the drum, the fife, and the bugle that in the days of war made them swell their chests and swear that no German should approach the British coast if they could prevent it.

Poor chaps, and poor helpmates and children! They have suffered, and are still suffering. "For King and Empire." Do, for pity's sake, help us to help them. Every shilling counts, and our little Fund is unique, in that no official is paid out of the money sent in, JOHN BULL itself bearing all the cost of administration.

It is good to know that the Parliamentary spend-thrifts have again altered their mind concerning a continuance of the out-of-work doles. It was rather disconcerting to contemplate many thousands of families without a sixpence for rent and maintenance. Doubtless the authorities have sprung to it that the "dole" is a good insurance against riot and disorder.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

G. W. W. (Shrewsbury), 5s.; T. E. D. (Barry), 2s. and parcel; L. C. (Iron Bridge), 1s.; "Two Widows" (Liverpool), 5s.; F. and S. C. (Barnstable), 7s.; R. H. (Conway), 3s.; R. O. M. (S. Africa), 5s.; J. L. D. (Hexham), 2s. 6d.; B. C. (Dublin), 2s.; L. S. (West-cliff), 5s.; M. L. T., 2s. 6d.; J. W. G. M. (Cardiff), 10s.; S. H. T., 5s.; T. E., 2s.; M. D. (Guildford), 2s. 6d.; "Maxwell", £2 2s.; G. E. B. (Huddersfield), 1s.; C. B. (Tunbrook), 1s. and parcel; "An Admirer" (Carlisle), £2; E. S. (Teddington), 2s. 6d.; T. B. C. (Woking), 5s.; J. B. (Southport), 1s.; "Little Wench", 5s.; "In Memory of One Who Fell", 5s.; "A Maid", 2s. 6d.; "X", 1s.; J. W. W. (W. Norwood), 3s. 6d.; A. W. (Hanwell), 2s.; "My D.O.G.", 5s.; C. E. F. (Ipswich), 10s. 6d.; T. H. B. (Salford), 1s. 2d.; "War Dog", 2s.; W. W. S. (Crowthorne), £1; H. H. (Grantham), £1; L. O. (Clerkenwell), £1; B. H. (Walthamstow), 5s.; L. T. (Castleford), 2s. 6d.; A. S. (Nottingham), 10s.; J. N. (Overton), 5s.; "Mopale" (Paisnton), 2s. 6d.; A. B. (Chatham), 2s.; M. T., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "Satan", £1; "In Loving Memory of Dear Harry", £5; P. G. (Bexley Heath), 2s. 6d.; "Change of Pen", 2s.; A. J. G. (Grays), £1; H. M., 1s.; S. N. B. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; "Little Kathleen" (Rochdale), 2s. 6d.; "In Reverent Memory of R. J. H.", 10s.; T. A. (Wallasey), 10s.; "Thankful Mother", 5s.; A. J. C. (Millwall), 5s.; J. E. (Chester), 10s.; "Emily" (Finsbury Park), 10s.; G. J. (Forest Gate), 5s.; "Unlucky", 1s.; A. J. B., 1s.; M. D., 7s.; "Ex-Hussar", 6d.; C. I. M. I. (Helsby), £1; N. F. D. D. S. S. Westonsuper-Mare Branch (per S. H. A.), £5 5s.; H. S. (Chiswick), 1s.; Mrs. L. (Lowestoft), 6d.; "From a Box of Matches", 11s. 2d.; G. E. O. H. (Noel Park), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. M. S. (Fenrith), 2s.; W. B., 1s.; R. A. F. (Maldstone), £1; "Golden Syrup", 10s.; "Mother of Four" (Southwell), 5s.; Anon. (Norwood), 6d.; "Jack's Mother", 10s.; T. and E. (Walsall), 2s.; "Jeff" (Belfast), 5s.; N. S. (Burton), 1s.; H. W. H. (Putney), 1s.; Mrs. L. W., 2s.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. (Glasgow), 5s.; A. P., 1s. 6d.; E. H. (Edinburgh), 13s. 6d.; M. de G., £2 4s.; B. T. (Dakston), 5s.; "Always a Reader" (Hull), 2s.; Miss G. (Denver), £1; A. C. B. (Tipton), 5s.; W. B. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; W. C. H., 10s.; M. Q., 5s.; M. & E. (Elsree), 1s.; "Dirty Dick", 5s.; A. G., £1; "Nathalie and Cecile", 10s.; H. J. S. (Mansfield), 5s.; "McBride" (Bath), 1s.; "Grannie" (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; B. J. F., 1s.; "Dartnel", 2s.; M. H. K. (Morpeh), 5s.; Mrs. M. M. (Forfar), 2s. 6d.; S. S. M. (S. Hackney), £1; A. A. (Belton), 1s. 6d.; "Ex-Tommy" (Nottingham), 1s.; C. E. S. (Brentwood), 5s.; Mrs. E. F. (Bingley), 5s.; D. (Surliton), 2s.; Mrs. H. J. (Southampton), 2s.; M. B., 5s.; "Well Wisher", 2s. 6d.; "Lincoln Lass", 2s.; "Hardup", 2s.; "Fresco" (Southport), 5s.; G. W. (Rothwell), 5s.; A. B., 1s.; "A Working Woman", 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. G. C., 5s.; O. W. C., 1s.; C. T. B. (Kensington), 10s.; J. S. B. (East Cowes), 10s.; J. W. (Gloucester), 2s.; "Regular Reader" (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; E. J. B. (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; A. C. B. (Norwood), 5s.; "B.3" (Fulham), 1s.; "Merchant Seaman", 10s.; Mr. D. (Waltham Abbey), 5s.; Mrs. M. L. (Hastings), 5s.; A. J. G. (Bermondsey), 2s. 6d.; "Jimmy and Bobbie", 2s.; "Van Deman's Land", 2s. 6d.; J. W. G. (Billingham), 5s.; "A Well Wisher" (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; "Five Of Us", 10s. 1d.



From a photo showing one of the movements for the permanent cure of Constipation.

Medical recognition of MAXALDING

*with a letter from Mr. A. M. Saldo,
the originator of MAXALDING,
which cures Functional Disorders
by a series of scientific movements.*



From a photo, showing control of the abdominal muscles for curing Stomach Troubles.

DEAR SIR,—

"A caller at my offices recently asked if I ever received testimonials. I forebore to smile, because I saw that he had put the question seriously.

"Testimonials form such a large part of my daily correspondence that I have become to consider them as just a very usual item of the day's work. The sheaves of testimonials that I showed this particular caller, however, so impressed him that he suggested the publication of them week by week. It was soon proved to his satisfaction that no paper in its present size could contain all the testimonials that I receive; and that even if pupils and patients consented to their publication, the space they would occupy would be so costly that the fees would have to be enormously increased, with no benefit to the patients and pupils. What most impressed this particular caller, however, was the fact that I had received in the post that morning **FOUR COMMUNICATIONS FROM MEDICAL MEN.** The first was from a famous London Physician and Surgeon, telling me that he had recommended a patient to me. The second was from a Medical Man, asking for particulars of Maxalding, and stating that another Medical Man had advised him to place himself in my hands for a course of treatment. The third was from a Colonel of the R.A.M.C.—then under treatment—and who, after a short appreciation of the exercises, said: '**I AM QUITE PLEASED WITH MY PROGRESS.**' The fourth was from one of the most eminent Physicians in England, who said, in the course of a very eulogistic and scientific letter:—

"I am frankly amazed at the novelty and value of your exercises. There is no doubt that you have gone quite out of the beaten track and searched the recesses of your brains to discover a route to muscles much talked about but little exercised. As to your other instructions in subjects on which I think I am a past-master, I can only say that their completeness shows your thoroughness and originality. I look forward to meeting you, some day."

"This Medical Man has made a life-study of Physical Culture in all its branches, and is nearly sixty years of age.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) A. M. SALDO."

EXTRACT FROM UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL, received 16th Dec., 1920, from pupil 60 years of age:—

"I have to report a loss of girth round abdomen of 6 inches of loose, fatty matter, increased appetite, improved digestion.—I fully enjoy the exercises, in fact, have got to look forward to them as I do my meals—I feel more fit and well than I have experienced for the past 15 years. Kindly accept my warmest thanks for your kind courtesy and attention."

By MAXALDING you can rid yourself of Indigestion, Mal-assimilation, Rheumatism, Lack of Will-Power, Loss of Self-Confidence, Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia, and other Functional Weaknesses in a period of one to three months.

MAXALDING is not difficult to learn, and the movements are very interesting to practise; like most great ideas, it is simple and easy—when you know the way.

The movements for the eradication of Functional disorders are each devised specially for the particular complaint one may be suffering from, according to age, sex, and special circumstances.

Men and women who have lost control of the abdominal muscles are given movements which will counteract a tendency to over-stoutness. It must be added, however, that actual corpulency cannot be reduced in a few days.

On the other hand, Constipation, the source of so many disorders and much ill-health, can be permanently cured by MAXALDING in a period of three days to one month; this is guaranteed.

Most Functional Disorders have their origin in the stomach, and we do not know of anyone but Mr. Saldo—the originator of MAXALDING



From a photo of a Lady Pupil, showing one of the movements for straightening and strengthening round shoulders and back.

—who can show you how to cure yourself of Constipation by a series of perfectly natural movements.

We know there are Medicines and Drugs, but the effect of these is only temporary at the best, and they always have a debilitating effect upon the system.

For the increase of Nervous Energy or the making of straight and strong backs and the building up of a beautiful body, other movements are given which must inevitably bring about the desired result.

By MAXALDING you soon begin to accumulate a store of nervous force, and you can use this extra energy in ways most pleasurable and profitable to yourself.

The basic principle underlying MAXALDING is CONTROL. Control of the Muscular System; Control of the Nervous System; Control of all the Functions of the Human Body.

The effect upon the mind of this CONTROL is a sense of power, a feeling of joyousness.

**MAXALDING means:
more LIFE and—more
JOY in Life.**

Mr. M. Saldo has created 16 world's records for strength and endurance, and is as far ahead of ordinary Physical Culturists as the modern surgeon is of the old "village sawbones."

Cut out the Coupon and attach it to your letter, or—Write for the Booklet entitled "MAXALDING," explaining fully your requirements, whether they be the eradication of a functional disorder, the development of a perfect body, the increase of nervous energy, or the acquisition of great strength.

Your inquiry will cost you nothing and commit you to nothing, yet your desires may be realised beyond your expectations.

COUPON.

Please send me your Booklet
entitled—

"MAXALDING." J.B. 201

Address your letter to:—

MAXALDING
202, New Stone Buildings,
Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor, or Publishers, 22, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL or LEGAL enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.

THE EDITOR cordially reciprocates the many kindly wishes for the New Year which he has received from readers.

"CHERRIO" (Devonport).—We can't make a hero of every Guardian who thinks workhouse inmates should have a glass of Christmas beer.

R. E. (Whitechapel).—"My wife and myself are out with an organ, and I have three kiddies. I wish to God I had work! I fought for King and country, and I think I have the right to live." A poignant cry from a disabled ex-Service man which should arouse the powers that be to a sense of duty to our stricken heroes.

J. W. (Oil City, Pa., U.S.A.).—In the long years past, England has not been without blame regarding Ireland. To-day, Sinn Fein is a minority of murderers. Short of separation, Ireland has in the Home Rule Act the fullest rights of self-government.

"LEWISHAM BOY" (London, S.E.).—Entirely at one with you in desiring "the extermination of rats." Also, between ourselves, not particularly keen on lice or alligators.

R. V. (Kennington, S.E.).—You state plumb truth in your assertion that "our paper passes through many hands." In point of fact, if it didn't we would not bother to write it.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—Your polite remarks about the Government duly to hand. But don't ask us to forward them to Downing Street and spoil the Prime Minister's sleep.

Mrs. E. F. W. (Wisbech).—"A thousand hats off to you, sir, for that splendid letter to the Rev. H. S. Miles, of Barnet." We appreciate the grateful attitude.

P. E. S. (Denbigh).—The licensing restrictions are irritating and irksome, but we see no reason why farmers should enjoy privileges not open to other people.

"DAVY" (Kingstown).—Thanks for friendly greetings, which we heartily reciprocate. Where did you learn that smile?

"BRITISH WOMAN" (Sussex).—"I have just read your splendid article." Then you have had a rare treat which we don't grudge you for a moment.

A. G. C. (Kettering).—We note that you are "wondering whether we lost the War." Certainly the impression that we won it seems to rest upon slender grounds.

E. B. F. (London, N.W.).—Agreed that "hair-splitting differences are at the root of much political trouble." If only most people were as sensible as you we should be in Paradise.

F. G. A. (New Barnet).—After accepting your 5s. registration fee, the Civil Service Commissioners said you were not eligible for examination, and refused to return it. Apply again; they have changed their mind lately.

A. S. R. (St. Andrews, Fife).—"I have nothing but praise to give for the noble way in which you have upheld the characters of our brave sailor and soldier laddies." Hoot awa', mon!

ANONYMOUS.—Your seasonable good wishes arrived in an envelope merely addressed "London," surmounted by a tracing of our picture on the cover hereof. A neat notion, but don't set more puzzles for the P.O.

"EX-SERVICE MAN."—"Said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones, whatever shall we do, if coals keep at their present price, 'twill make us all look blue." We wonder whether the authorities realise that a people made to look blue are liable to turn "red"?

M. S. T.—"God bless you—you are a Man!" Accept, dear madam, our profound acknowledgment of the highest tribute woman could pay.

"CARADOC."—"Could not power be given to an electorate to call for a fresh election when dissatisfied with their member's performances?" We fear such a desirable reform will have to wait until the Business Government comes into power.

R. T. (Ely).—"I am taking the liberty of writing to you." The fact that you realise it is some sort of excuse.

Mrs. H. M. G. (Stockton).—"I say, let all women come out." Exactly, although sometimes we have tried to persuade them to stop in.

A. G. D. (Norwich).—"I cannot put this thing together as I should like." Perhaps not, though your arrangement of it is one of the nattiest things we have seen for a long time.

B. P. (Malvern).—"This reads rather hot stuff." Not unless it is read with a sultry imagination.

Mrs. M. (St. Albans).—"I have made a vow that if I win the £1,000 'Bullets' prize, I shall give £100 to the 'Greatest of These' Fund, poor souls." Quite so. The rich should always help the poor.

"RESIDENT" (Exeter).—We said "one of the masterly activities" of Exeter College is the production of idiots. Of course, the College has other activities; but ragging is always idiosyncrasy.

E. D. (Green End).—"I wonder whether Ministers would like to be kept on tea, oatmeal, and scarcely any meat for six years." We have ascertained that they prefer a more varied diet.

B. B. (Exeter).—Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. Adam is believed to have told that story to Eve in the Garden of Eden.

L. M. (S. Kensington).—Didn't you see our Open Letter of congratulation to Harrods on their refusal to stock Hun-made toys?

C. M. (W. Kensington).—Thanks for complimentary acrostic. Had you not sent it we should have been as cross as two sticks.

R. W. H. (Rusholme, Manchester).—"I thought the Post Officials were getting ready to enrol ex-Service men for work at Christmas, 1921, instead of 1920." Aren't you rather sanguine in your thoughts?

J. G. C. (London, W.C.).—It may be, as you say, that what you tell us about is "a crying scandal," although, believe us, knocking around London for some weeks past we have not heard a whisper of it.

H. S. J. (Bristol).—"I have sent you a few lines." You considerably under-estimate your effort.

G. C. S. (Chatham).—"I await the favour of your reply." Barring accidents, it should be in your hands not later than next Christmas.

"EX-NAVAL OFFICER" (Brentford).—We don't agree that the gentleman you name "requires a 'Candid Communication.'" All that he is entitled to is a slab of silence.

L. B. (Devonport).—Your arguments as to "whether the dog is a domestic animal" most fascinating. Possibly while at it you might consider the status of the cockroach.

Mrs. N. H. (Weybridge).—We note that Mrs. Crow, wife of Ald. W. Crow, of West Ham, occupies a seat on the magisterial bench with her husband. Why does Mrs. Crow?

M. F. J. (Cheltenham).—"I'd love to have seen the face of that wretched man, parson Miles of Barnet, when he read your Open Letter." Sorry you weren't at the pictures.

J. W. H. (London).—We understand the Golden Ballot resulted in the sum of a quarter of a million being handed over to the scheme to provide Settlements for ex-Soldiers. No doubt Mrs. Leyel will tell you anything more you want to know about it.

J. C. PAUL (Tollington Park).—"Behold. Nor pass that sacred spot, For he whose bones rest here below, Though nameless, shall not be forgot Through summer sun or winter snow; Nor while a human heart doth throb shall he lie there forgotten e'en to eternity."

G. G. (Pevensey).—Cheer up! The man who laughs is a doctor.

F. C. E. (Anfield).—We agree with the West London Magistrate that a policeman's duty should be his first consideration, but we consider that a reprimand would have covered the case of Constable W. A. Johnson.

J. S. P. (Bilbao).—"If I were a Spaniard, I would head a revolution." We could tell from your handwriting that you were a devil when roused.

"CONSTANT READER."—We agree that the "Instructions to Applicants" issued under the Act to increase Civil Service Pensions, is abominably inquisitorial, and ought to be scrapped.

"IDEALIST" (Higham).—We note that you are "the pioneer of a new system of spiritual thought." If you need help, our office boy vacates his post next Saturday.

W. E. B. (Ilford).—Sorry to hear that you expect shortly to be "financially embarrassed." Don't for the love of Heaven pawn your latchkey.

C. A. (Aldershot).—"Please see enclosed cutting." Believe us, our vision is concentrated upon it, with blazing intensity.

J. L. T. (Glamorgan).—Since you ask us, we consider that the man who can pay 81s. in the £ is the sort of bankrupt that every creditor will be glad to know.

N. S. (Southwark, S.E.).—"Will you kindly ask this question of the working men of England?" No, and that ends it.

L. R. S. (Eccles).—You must make the best of a bad job. Somebody has said that a bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance and you can't let go.

P. T. (Grantham).—In our opinion 19 is much too young for you to marry. Shakespeare says that "a young man married is a man that's married."

PRR. B. (Dover).—Your love for your late father does you credit. But we cannot libel the living on such a statement, even to avenge the dead.

"ROUNDAABOUTS" (Lincoln).—As you give no dates, we can't judge whether what you say is young or old. However, enough of Councillor Smalley is a banquet.

S. R. P. (Plymouth).—In the name of the Prophet—figs!

E. C. (Edgbaston).—"Rates. Something should be done to keep them down." They need to be sat on.

A. R. M. (Blantyre).—The "rebel miners" belonging to the Lanarkshire Miners' County Union are no more worthy of being taken seriously than are the comic pirates one sees on the pantomime stage.

"NAVAL PENSIONER" (Plymouth).—Hard lines, certainly, to be discharged from your employment simply because you had a pension coming in. As though you hadn't earned it!

"PHILIP" (Emsbury Park).—"The G. H. has its ears in its legs." That's better than having its legs in its ears. Another time please pay full postage on your eccentric communications.

E. W. C. (Godalming).—We are not in the least surprised that Civil Servants in Ireland who served their country during the war should on demobilisation be passed over in favour of khaki-dodgers.

J. F. (Euston, N.W.).—While sorry to hear that you have been "made to look silly," we are not sure whether you are blaming Providence or some inhuman enemy. Kindly particularise.

A. E. W. (Wokingham).—We note your anxiety for public-houses to remain open to a later hour than usual on New Year's Eve. Why not say all night and have done with it?

A. V. N. (Brixton, S.W.).—As far as we know, there is no criminal penalty for "stealing a wife." Occasionally it is an act of mercy.

H. R. T. (Dover).—We note that you only stopped at the Election meeting for half an hour. The reason, if we can guess, being that "you are a person with a normal thirst."

"NATIVE" (Minster).—The inmates got their Christmas beer. What some of the Guardians said about it is nothing fresh to anybody.

"HACKNEY READER" (London).—"Please insert an article worded in your own particular way to help the cause of the widow of 65." We must first of all study the cause.

B. G. (Lincoln).—"Citizens are deprived of sacred concerts on Sundays with perhaps the intention of their spending their evenings in the dimly-lighted 'buses.'" We thought people went to the pictures when they wanted to hold hands.

R. G. (Chesterfield).—We'll answer the question if you'll first tell us why, in undressing, a man commences at his boots and a woman at her hairpins.

"SAPPER."—Your German-printed postcard is plainly old stock, as the postal rate for it is given as 1d. However, there are others.

F. H. (Stoke-on-Trent).—You do not appear to have any remedy against J. Miller & Co., 1, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C., more especially as they have discontinued the football betting business.

"OBSERVER" (Chesterfield).—"In this town of the crooked spire lives the finest pack of young rascals that it is possible to find." Crooked spire, crooked people, eh?

"BLINK" (Halifax).—"I should like to give my opinion as regards the country not paying its way." You are perfectly free to do so in the street, the back garden, or the corner pub.

- "Baz" (Totland).—Where has your dog gone to? We know but prefer not to say.
- "Nor a Buzzer" (Leicester).—Who said you were?
- "Furor" (Bromley).—It was said a fortnight that though a man and his wife are one, this wife is that one.
- "Reader" (Glasgow).—Your letter on "The Government's Agricultural Bill" is about as interesting as a pile of blank manuscript. It has been handed to our young apprentice as a "horrible example."
- "Anonymous" (Glasgow).—Your headline does "do get down drunkenness" commands our sympathy, but don't worry over other people until you have had a good look at yourself.
- "Lorron" (Blairstown, Glasgow).—You are so very far away that we can't get near enough to you to discuss with knowledge all your criticism, the labour and agricultural questions.
- "Miss S. T. (Manchester).—If you did it under the microscope it is scriptural. Is it not written that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do you even so to them?
- "K. (Hull).—An ex-Deputy Chief Constable, in enjoyment of a fat pension, should not be given a job which could easily be filled by a needy disabled ex-Service man.
- "(London).—Beyond a doubt, "Whether or no" is wrong. The correct expression is "whether or not." You wouldn't say "Whether it is right or no right?" would you?
- "Flannan 'Car" (Putney).—Fergus Hume was born in 1842. One of his best novels, entitled "Mother Maniacs," has just been issued in the Odhams Complete Novel series; it will cost you fourpence.
- "Anonymous" (Preston).—Every out-of-work man could find plenty to do if someone would start a paper-bag works and box-making." As Daisy Ashford says, "It's an idea."
- "A REGULAR READER."—The agreement recently made between the United Vehicle Workers' Trade Union and Mr. Saman Raginsky, although curious and intriguing, does not appear to us to be a matter of public interest.
- "Mr. L. G. (Bolton).—We can quite understand the artificial eloquence of the "conchy" Brothers Wood fascinating foolish and impressionable girls. Meantime, despite your expectations, we have not yet heard from Brother Fritz.
- "K. C. (Colchester).—Farmers want labour and food must be grown." You could not have told the truth twice in a much shorter space.
- "L. (Chicago).—The politeness of your letter is much appreciated, although to describe us as "honourable" seems a trifle superfluous.
- "W. B. (Cornwall).—We think such handwriting as yours ought to be dealt with by the Police.
- "H. W. (Peckham).—Glad to hear you "have a very good character." So had we once.
- "Anonymous" (Walsley).—Like you we "deplore favouritism," and make a point of being nice to all our lady friends in turn.
- "H. G. E. (King's Cross, N.).—We are obliged through a letter from local Town Clerk. But he would be sick if he knew you had split.
- "W. H. (Manchester).—Here is proof for the compiling of a letter. Yet our most brilliant scribbles decline to touch it with the ink of a large pile.
- "J. H. S. (London).—If we tell that story we should lose our reputation.
- "D. (Liverpool).—He is not a local hatter, draper, and property owner who employs all his own family and washes all his own windows. "His daughter is now preparing the rooms above." Evidently he believes in keeping things in the family.
- "A. P. H. (Liverpool).—Why are women inspectors employed under National Health Insurance?" To provide them with jobs.
- "G. H. (Chesterfield).—So the Foresters' Friendly Society refuse to transfer you from the junior to the senior branch on the ground that as you were disabled on war service they would be "taking too much risk." They should call themselves the Foresters' Unfriendly.
- "J. M. D. (Tooting).—Real Hun waiters will be back next, you see if they don't. At present the restaurants seem to stock only "Swiss."
- "Mrs. B. (Deal).—Like hundreds of others, you have to put up with unscrupulous imposition. In filling the cottage with rubbishy old furniture and making you pay heavily for it, the woman is acting after her kind."
- "Grove Lane" (Canterbury).—We agree with you that local authorities do not always clear the roads quickly enough after snowfalls to make them easy going for hard-worked and often ill-fed horses.
- "Justice" (Birmingham).—Talleyrand said that a hard heart and a good digestion would make any man happy. If your digestion is good, you must have enjoyed Christmas.
- "A SOLDIER'S SISTER" (Abingdon).—A brain wave . . . am sending it to your office-boy, to amuse him in his lunch time. Will let you know when he is out of hospital.
- "Mrs. A. McD. (Glasgow).—Lyle's having withdrawn restrictions on the selling price of their syrup, grocers may charge what they please. And they do.
- "WORKER" (Chesterfield).—The manager "slammed the door in my face and the clerk put my insurance card in the other hand. Then all was over." Just because you asked for the rise other men were getting. Yes, it was naughty.
- "A. C. (Southampton).—Although the Post Laureate has not written a Peace Hymn, others have." Hush! Before confessing to be one of the guilty, remember that your words may be used in evidence against you.
- "LEATHER MERCHANT" (London, N.).—Hearing twice from you in one week is a foretaste of Heaven.
- "Mrs. F. M. S. (Pattamouth).—Your claim against the husband who has deserted you can only be pursued through the courts. You cannot hold the Admiralty responsible for his wrong doing.
- "H. S. (Leith).—"I took very little notice of the Donitwistle bonfire scandal until I saw it in *JOHN BULL*." Just so! That was the time to "sit up," for you knew it was so.
- "HARD PANSARD" (Peterboro).—"I was interested in your last week's article." Naturally.
- "Anonymous" (Scotland).—"Do you wonder there are Socialists?" No, but we never could get the hang of it.
- "CONSTANT READER" (Walthamstow).—Keep trying, son, and on receipt of your five hundredth postcard we will see that you get a large banana.
- "H. W. P. (No Address).—Thanks for writing us a poem. Possibly another year you can send along something more juicy.
- "R. S. (Liverpool).—So 800 women clerks employed by the Royal Liver Friendly Society were present at a wedding? The number of the girls seems too big to be really "Friendly" to the boys.
- "OXFORDSHIRE" (Limerick).—The British soldier in Ireland has an unenviable task which, from all trustworthy accounts, he is discharging with dignity and restraint. So why worry?
- "G. T. J. (Newport).—The length of women's shifts seems a proper subject for consideration by the Factory and Workshops Committee. No rude jokes, please!
- "W. B. (Brixton Hill).—For years Post Office girls have been notorious for their incivility, though many do not deserve the reputation. It is surprising, however, that some of them do not treat ex-Service men with a little more courtesy on pension day.
- "C. W. (London Docks).—"I was assisting the Fire Brigade in adversity when a policeman kicked me. His number was —." We had better not publish it. He might come and kick us.
- "P. O. R. (Sydney).—So long as the Australians treat immigrants from the Old Country with contempt and scorn, so long will the Colony's commercial progress be delayed.
- "CONSTANT READER" (Cortorphine).—Yes, a policeman "has the power to accuse anybody" of anything, but the charge has to be proved.
- "S. J. W. (Peckham Road).—"The Woolwich workers' back tea money never been paid yet." Promises should be fulfilled—but can't the Woolwich workers afford to pay for their own teas?
- "Mrs. F. J. (Handford).—"Why, as America wants Prohibition in this country, does she not begin by putting less salt in the bacon she inflicts on us poor thirsty mortals?" Perhaps she hopes we shall fly to Prohibition as the only defence against the consuming thirst she is trying to raise in us.
- "W. E. (Wolverhampton).—We thought your anagrams on Horatio Bottomley:—"Oh, be it Royal motto!" and "Mop bitter, O holy atom!" rather neat (not to say saucy) till we found the second one not letter perfect.
- "RESIDENT GATEMAN."—What's the matter with the National Union of Railwaymen if they cannot enforce an 8-hour day in your case?
- "CONSTANT READER" (Dundee).—So the Rev. Richard Lee, of "Conchy" fame, has been nominated as a Labour candidate for the Dundee Town Council. Well, there will be plenty of room at the bottom of the poll.
- "W. P. (London, E.).—There is certainly a humorous side to the Underground Railway's lavish advertising of the reasons for increased fares. For paper and printing does cost money nowadays.
- "T. M. (Glasgow).—"The Scottish Local Option Act has proved to be the most absurd bit of legislature imaginable." Great is truth and will prevail.
- "J. C. (Airdrie).—Thanks for suggestion as to maintenance of Glasgow infirmaries. If you could spare a brain wave for the London hospitals, we should be tremendously obliged.
- "SUFFERER'S SWEETHEART" (Bristol).—We naturally have every sympathy with your proposal, but unless you can be a little more definite, afraid cannot spill any ink on the subject.
- "Miss B. (Edgware Road, W.).—"I have worked at the Turkish Baths." Perhaps so, dearie, but you may be none the worse for that.
- "UNBIASED" (Coatbridge).—"I am an Ulster Irishman." And a very remarkable one, too, if you are also, as you claim, "unbiased."
- "J. P. (Cardiff).—"Kindly answer by post." As the answer is a simple no, we need not disturb our staff to mail it, nor to use that 2d. stamp which you forgot to send.
- "A SOLDIER IN PALESTINE."—"Heated arguments here. Is Sir H. Samuel a Jew or an Englishman?" According to "Who's Who," he was born in London, 1853; of Horatio Simon Samuel and Henrietta Montefiore. So, to answer you—Both.
- "J. M. (S.E.5).—"I do not know whether this idea is worth your notice." We do.
- "E. A. C. (Illinois).—Thanks for cuttings from Chicago papers, termed by you "the biggest rot imaginable." We could imagine bigger, but it would be hard work.
- "M. O'C. (Wexford).—We sympathise with the women and children of Balbriggan, but what about the wives and children of the 200 R.I.C.s who have been vilely assassinated?
- "SEA LOVER" (E.16).—"Knowing you to be a man who can almost work wonders." Seems unkind of you to drag in that "almost."
- "W. M. (Forest Hill).—Phew! 22 quarto pages. You must think that time hangs heavy on our hands.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

HAD YOUR XMAS GIFT YET?

Readers are reminded that

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON
which appeared in our issues of November 27th and December 11th, 18th & 25th, (VALUE ONE SHILLING) IS AVAILABLE TO 8th JANUARY ONLY.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/3 and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "JOHN BULL" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," from this date, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2 3 only, and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Lion's Acre, London, W.C.2. Jan. 1st, 1921.

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

BULLETS' NEW YEAR OFFER

2 ND PRIZE £50	£500	3 RD PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5		10 PRIZES OF £2 10
50 PRIZES OF 10	1,000 PRIZES OF 2 6	2,000 POPULAR NOVELS
	3,000 TARGET PRIZES	200 PRIZES OF 5

THE RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION 397 WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—FALL FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 397.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
THE RIGHT SPIRIT
KISSING TIME
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
TINO'S RETURN
A JOB LOT
AT WESTMINSTER
WASTING AWAY

PRINCIPAL BOY
AFTER A TRIAL
PUBLIC DEFENDER
A GOOD SIGN
ON THE RUN
REMEMBER
IN HER PLACE
DRY SPELL

OVER IN IRELAND
THE RED LIGHT
PARTY HAD
ON THE WARPATH
GOLD SHAP
UNPREPARED
SOFT SOAP
SECRET OF SUCCESS

MY WIFE'S MOTO
HERO WOODHOPPER
LOT LIKE HIM
UNPAID
IN HOT WATER
OPEN TO ALL
GREEDY
OUR DEST

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(399) P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(399) P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Address

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 397, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(399) P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(399) P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Address

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed.

4. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF OUR FIFTEENTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In the above Competition Gillingham v. Watford was postponed on account of a Cup Tie. No competitor succeeded in sending a correct forecast of the remaining thirteen fixtures, but the following thirteen competitors each sent a coupon with twelve correct results, and therefore divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving the sum of £76 18s. 6d. :-

C. J. BAKER, Nulbourne, Brading, I.O.W.
E. BRIDGER, 97A Bermondsey Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

A. COOPER, 24, Clifford St., Southampton.
W. S. GODKIN, 14G, Felix St, Lambeth, S.E.

J. HALL, "Swinhope Head," Westgate, Durham.

A. R. HILL, 90, Weston Street, Weston Park, Sheffield.

GEO. MACHIN, 33, Baggrave Street, Leicester.

MR. MEES, 91, St. Margaret's Grove, Twickenham, Mdx.

L. J. SHADBOLT, Invicta Toy Works, Tunbridge Wells.

SERG. E. TERRY, R.E., 2D, Block, Married Quarters, St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham.

MATTHEW F. THORN, 3, Finlaystone Street, Coatbridge, Scotland.

WM. THOMSON, Russellville, Townhead Road, Coatbridge, N.B.

ROY J. WATTS, 24, Firbank Road, Bournemouth.

Start the

NEW YEAR

with a

"JOHN BULL"

PEN.

JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIND.

UNDERWRITING FREE INSURANCE. The policy is issued to the insured at the age of 20 and is valid for life. The policy is issued to the insured at the age of 20 and is valid for life. The policy is issued to the insured at the age of 20 and is valid for life.

We have made our insurance as simple and convenient as possible, and shall not burden you with legal representatives or "agents". Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated therein, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of House by Fire up to **£200**

In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home **£200**

For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, of One Limb and One Eye **£200**

For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye **£100**

Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to **£10**

In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 12 weeks **£1 per week**

ALREADY PAID

415

CLAIMS.

FULL CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 20 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death, such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her right under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-houses, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL. The decision of the Proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognized as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Owing to lack of space, the Howingtons' Order Form and Readers' Registration Form is held over, but will again appear in next week's issue.

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE EVER OFFERED!

£2,000 MUST BE WON

FOR A CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT FORECAST OF ONLY 14 MATCHES

NO ENTRANCE FEE! NO GOALS REQUIRED!

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 14 matches given. If 14 correct results are not given, the £2,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,000 **MUST BE WON**. This is the **BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE EVER OFFERED**.

We would advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **THIS COMPETITION IS EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL."**

Coupons do not appear in any other paper.

THESE RULES CAREFULLY:
All attempts must be made to obtain the issues of "John Bull" containing this competition. The coupon must be completely filled in in the ordinary handwriting. Pencil or pen will not be accepted, and in accordance with the conditions given on this page.

The sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor who sends a coupon containing the correct result of all the matches played in the 14. If no competitor succeeds in getting all the correct results, the sum of £2,000 will be paid to the competitor who sends a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided among the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,000. Should a match not be played to a finish on the date given or

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPON.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a Draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.**

as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

(a) Fourteen crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(b) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(c) Any coupon on which an alteration of any kind has been made will be disqualified. Any coupons received later than January 20th will be disqualified.

(d) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Send Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 17, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Great Street, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in the top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

THE RESULT OF OUR FIFTEENTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.
Matches to be played on Saturday, January 20th. Coupons must reach us not later than Thursday, January 20th.

Home Team	Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Arsenal v. Tottenham Hotspur				
Blackburn R. v. Burnley				
Bradford City v. Newcastle U.				
Derby County v. Preston N. End				
Sunderland v. Liverpool				
W. Bromwich A. v. Manchester U.				
Cardiff City v. Bristol City				
Coventry City v. Hull City				
Sheffield Wed. v. Port Vale				
Stoke v. South Shields				
West Ham U. v. Clapton Orient				
Bristol Rovers v. Swindon Town				
Crystal Palace v. Millwall				
Reading v. Portsmouth				

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.
I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rule and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(17) SIGNED _____ ADDRESS _____

BANKRUPT NERVES.

A Pain to be Avoided.

Each of us has a certain supply of nervous energy. Every act, even every thought, uses up some part of this energy. During rest and sleep the supply is increased by the blood. Your nervous energy is like a bank account. If you use it up faster than it adds to it, you overdraw your account. Neurasthenia is the name given to nervous bankruptcy. It means that the power to recuperate is gone. The blood can be built up so that it increases the supply of needed elements to the wasted nerves, and this is the only way that the nerves can be healed. Dr. Williams' pink pills are a tonic that especially builds up the nerves, because they supply to the blood the elements that the nerves need. Any nervous disorders, sometimes chronic ones, have yielded to this tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills. So start Dr. Williams' pink pills without delay; ask your dealer for them; or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. Price 3s. per box, post free. **FREE**—Useful guidance can be had free from Post Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, in that well-known book, "Nerves and Their Needs." Simply write a post card for it.—Adv.

SAVES YOU POUNDS!

Send a postcard to-day for H. Samuel's **FREE BOOK** of Bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, at next to Factory Prices, with lists of splendid **FREE PRIZES** for all buyers. A FULL MONTH'S TRIAL.

Diamonds and fine centre-tone. 50/-

Diamond 75/-

Diamond 75/-

Diamond 75/-

H. Samuel, Ltd., 100, Market St., MANCHESTER.

HAIRCUTTING AT HOME

By Douglas Pruner.

It is true, with the Douglas Pruner, you can cut your own hair or trim it any length you like, without any fear of making a botch of it even the first trial. You can even cut or trim your own hair far quicker and quite as good as a first-class barber, and your haircut won't cost a penny. It is nothing but a process of combing. You use it as you use a comb. The result is always smooth and even no matter how much hair you wish to cut off. The Douglas Pruner trims just a little off long or curly hair or shaves the neck. It cuts the hair at the back and behind the ears with the greatest ease, just as you like and not as the barber likes. The Douglas Pruner is not a new experiment; its success is proved by the fact that there are nearly 20,000 in use in Great Britain alone. Do not doubt this. You can try the Douglas Pruner free for seven days. Send price 5s. 6d. for a Douglas Pruner complete with spare blade. If you do not like it send it back and we will return 5s. 6d. to you without question. Send now before price advances to:—

DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO.,

(Dept. JB.), Gloucester.

GRAVES

British to the core, the very essence of dependability and excellence. Made in our own Sheffield Gramophone Factory & covered to none other in appearance or performance. Turntable, polished and Oak Cabinet, powerful and silent Motor, beautiful Art Metal Panel, handsomely decorated Horn.

10% NOW

DELIVERED carriage paid with 12 magnificent 10" Record Selections for 34/- with order. If you liked the balance is payable in 10 monthly payments of 3/6. Money back in full if disappointed. Catalogue Post Free. Write for list of new models. Easy terms. **J. G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD**

FOUR OPERATIONS FAIL

to cure Mrs. Bramhall, 20, Chestnut Road, Swinton, who writes: "It is five years since I started taking your medicine. I took it for 12 months and was completely cured. Before I took VITADATIO I went under four operations for a tumour in my left side, and they all proved of no use. When I came out of Hospital the last time they told me it was a Cyst Tumour and that I would never be cured. I took VITADATIO and am now quite well."

"VITADATIO" CURES

Internal Complaints, LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES, HYDATID CYSTS.

1/6 and 4/- per Bottle at Chemists and Stores, or direct from VITADATIO Ltd., Dept. K. 13, Park Sq., Leeds. Postage: One Bottle, 6d.; Two, 1s.; Three, 1s. 6d.

Tecila

(The London Tecila Gem Co. Ltd.)
2 Old Bond Street, LONDON

TECLA PEARLS

are not advertised as Orientals nor sold for Orientals, and we cannot be held responsible for the fact that they are generally taken for Orientals, wherever and whenever they are worn in public.

Out New Picturegoer



A Superb New Monthly for Picturegoers

Nothing approaching "The Picturegoer," Odhams' important new magazine of the "movies," has ever been produced in this or any other country.

It is a veritable triumph of the printer's art. Packed throughout its 64 pages in photographs, it contains many fine portraits and a profusion of unique photographs of popular film stars at home and in their latest costumes, together with bright articles, stories, criticism, verse, humour, etc., that will delight every picturegoer.

Whether you go to the pictures regularly or only occasionally, your pleasure will be doubled by taking "The Picturegoer." It will keep you in touch with everything of moment in the motion-picture industry, and provide many a happy souvenir of those particular pictures and stars that captivate your fancy.

The demand is bound to be enormous. Don't count on finding a copy unsold—make sure of yours by ordering it of your Newsagent TO-DAY.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS OF FIRST ISSUE:

The Real Nazimova.

A brilliant and intimate study of the great Russian actress, who has taken the screen world by storm.

"Chasing the Sun with Bryant Washburn."

An entertaining article depicting the trials of an American star when picture-making in England.

Ubiquitous Eva.

How woman has won a big place for herself in the cinema world.

Accidents Will Happen.

Even in the best-regulated studio little mistakes creep into the big pictures. This article records some of the funniest slips made by producers.

Tom Mix and His Mother.

An interesting domestic sidelight on the popular cowboy hero.

"Everywoman."

A beautifully illustrated souvenir of the most notable film production of the month.

White the Auto Waits.

An interview comedy, featuring Peggy Hyland.

David Wark Griffith, by Donald Crisp.

An intimate study of the world's greatest producer, by a well-known co-director.

Homebody Ruth.

Domestic pictures of beautiful Ruth Roland, the popular serial star.

"Myself and My Shadow," by Alice Brady.

The Empty Chair.

A thought-compelling editorial on a subject near to the heart of every picturegoer.

"Snows of Destiny."

A long, complete story, based on the Swedish Biograph masterpiece.

"Watch Your Feet," by Boba Daniels.

A fashion article, written by a popular star.

A Page of Memories.

Photo-players who have crossed the Great Divide. Magnificent page portraits of Pauline Frederick, Langhorne Burton, Douglas MacLean, Jean Paige, Marjorie Daw, etc., etc.

The
PICTUREGOER
MONTHLY . . . ONE SHILLING

*Another ODHAMS
Triumph!*